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A fig for fortune.



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Issue No. 35.

A FIG
FOR FORTUNE.

BY

ANTHONIE COPLEY.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1883.

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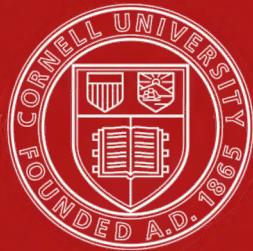
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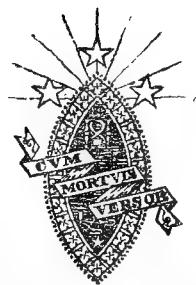
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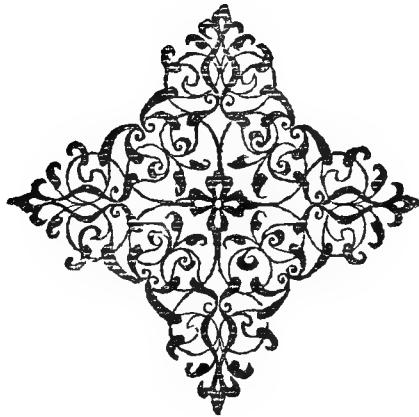
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A FIG FOR Fortune.

Recta Securus.

A. C.



L O N D O N
Printed by Richard Iohnes for C. A. 1596.

To the Right Honourable

Anthonie Browne, L. Vicompt Mont-ague, cuerla-
sting glorie to his vertues.

Flie vale-bred Muse to heauen-high *Mont-ague*
Honoring thy playnesse with so quaint aspire :
It is a haggard Hawke that neuer knew
The Fawlkones fist ; It is a drowsie fire
That yeelds nor flame nor fume ; It is an idle voyce
That nere was hard to tune nor found, nor note nor
Great *Mont-ague* ; thrise great in Vertues glorie (noisc.
And therfore dulie great in my affections,
Whom not a Pick-thanke spirit of flatterie
But well aduised zeale to your perfections
Mooues to instile you so : Though likewise so you be
In the sublimitie of your blood and Vicomptic.
Daigne in your grace the spirit of a man
Disastred for vertue ; if at least it be
Disaster to be winnowed out Fortunes Fan
Into the Fan of Grace and Sionrie
Wherin repurify'd to Gods eternall glorie
The Deuill rues in man old *Adams* injurie.
Though meane and merit-leffe the Muse may seeme
To your aduice ; as not from *Helicon*,
Yet well I hope the matter will redeeme
That frail default, as spirited from *Sion* :
If *Sions* holie name be gracious to your eare
Hold it in gree ; else for the zeale to you I beare,
At least your happie Names faire liuerie let it weare.

Your Lordsh. humblie at commandement.

Anthonie Copley.



The Argument to the Reader.

S*AN* Elizian out-cast of Fortune, ranging on his
Iade Melancholie through the Desert of his
affliction, in hope to find out some where either
ease or end of the same, hapneth first upon Ca-
toes ghost a spirit of Dispair & self-misdoom
which perswades him to kill himselfe: But, for
she ended her Oratory with a Sulphur vanish frō out his sight, he
misdoubted both her and her tale. Then posting onward through
the residue of the night; he next chanceth on the spirit of Re-
uenge: She perswadcs him blood and treacherie against all his
enemis, as th'onlie means to remount to pristin blesse in despight
of Fortune: But she likewise manifesting in the end the treason of
her tale by a sudden whip away from his eye at the sight of break
of day in the East, left him also conceipted of her daunger.
Thirdly, rapt from off his Melancholie (which now began to
faint under him at the light of a new day of Grace) he was sud-
denlie mounted vpon the Steed of Good Desire, and by him
brought to Mount-Sion the Temple of Peace; where by Cate-
chrysius an Hermit (who greate lie woondred to see a distressed
Elizian in those partes vnder so happie daies of Eliza) he was by
him in the house of Deuotion catechized, and there also cele-
stiallyl arm'd by an Angell, and within a while after in-denized
by the high Sacrificator a Champion of that Temple against the
insults of Fortune; whom I haue titled by the name of Dobleffa

The Argument.

in respect of the double danger both of her luring and lowring inconstancie: She, whiles the Sionites were all in peacefull adoration of Almightie God in the Temple, came with her Babel lonian-rout to assault the place, but was eftsoons by the valure of those Templers shamefullie repulsed: Feast and thankes was made to God therfore throughout all the Region; in which solemnitie the Grace of God houering ouer the multitude in the Procession-time like a virgin attended vpon with all the Court of heauen, shewr'd downe Roses amongst them, leauing them there a scambling for the same. The Elizian was one that scambled his lap-full among the rest: and for he thought it was his soueraigne Ladie Eliza, and those Roses hers, he was suddenly in ioy therof rapt home againe to Elizium.

Faultes escaped in printing.

Pag 5. Lin 18 Itshutsit selfe and is. read. Doe shut themselues and are.
P. 8 l 3. to giue thy selfe read. to giue thy flesh.
P. 16. l. 10. aw-like read. aulike.
P 64. l. 1. Peacefullie aduance. read. pace-fully aduance.



A Fig for Fortune:



Ested in sable vale, exild from Ioy,
 I rang'd to seeke out a propitious place
 Where I might sit and descant of annoy
 And of faire Fortune, altered to disgrace,
 At last, euen in the confines of the night
 I did discerne aloofe a sparkling light.

Then set I spurres vnto my Melancholie,
 A Jade wheron I had ridden many a mile,
 Which lesse then in the twinkling of an eye,
 Brought me vnto that fatall lights beguile :
 Where I might see an agonizing beast,
 Bleeding his venym blood out at his brest.

His vpper shape was faire-Angelicall,
 The rest belowe, all whollie Serpentine,
 Cole-blacke incroching vpon his pectorall,
 And rudely inrowlled in a Gorgon-twine,
 His eyes like Goblins stared heer and there,
 In fell disdayne of such disfigured geare.

B

At

At last he spi'd me, and staring on my face,
 He rear'd his mongrel-lumpe vp towards me,
 Fainting and falling in his Deaths-disgrace,
 And yet enforcing still more stabbes to die,

Then thus he vauntingly began to tell me
 Of such his fortitude in aduersitie.

Welcome deer gueſt (quoth he) to *Catoes* Ghost,
 Welcome true witnesſe of my fortitude,
 Seest thou not how this hell-blacke shape almost
 Hath quite subdu'd my vpper-albitude?

It is aduersitie vpon my ſtate,
 Which ſee how I reuenge it desperate.

With that, as with a new ſupplyed flood
 The angrie ſtreame beares quite adowne the riuer
 All obſtacle with vnappealed mood:
 So his enraged hand did fierce deliuier
 Fresh death-ſtabbes to his loath'd mortalitie
 Euen at the naming of aduersitie.

And then in four-fold miſconforde voyce
 Of Life and Death: Rage and Disdaine, he added:
 Whilom I was a man of *Romes* reioyce
 Whiles happy Fortune my eſtate vpproped:
 But once when *Cæſar* ouer-topped all,
 Then (loe) this mid-night ſhape did me befall.

Then

Then gan I to conceipt my Censure-schip,
 My Senatorie-pomp, and libertie
 All base-subjeected to his Tyrant-whip :
 My mind was mightie against such miserie,
 And rather would I die magnanimous
 Then liue to see a *Cæsar* ouer vs.

It was ynough that the Theffalian fieldes
 Suckt vp the mutuall bloud-shed of our men,
 That *Pompey* dies, and all the Empire yeedes
 To *Cæsars* dauncing Fortune, and *Omen* :
Cato must die as free from feruitude
 As he disdaineth *Cæsars* altitude.

Yet for my Countrey is a part of me,
 And it is all subjeected to disgrace,
 Loe, that's my serpentine obscuritie
 For which I spight, and spit on *Cæsars* face,
 And stab me with a quaint disdaine and anger
 Because I will not liue in *Cæsars* danger.

Thou therefore that doest seem a dolefull wight,
 View me the presidont of Cares redresse,
 And if that Fortune be aboue thy might
 Yet death is in thy power and readinesse :
 Disdaine Misfortune then t'insult vpon thee
 Seeing that to die is all so faire and easie.

B 2

Death

Death is misfortunes monarchizing foe,
 Prime Nature of Almighty fortitud,
 Eternall Sanctuarie from vnrest and woe,
 Fames Arke, and all our frailties Period :
 Our lyfes true touchstone, natures offertory,
 And bridge to sweet Eliziums eternitie.

And as for base *Aduersitie*, what is it ?
 But Gloryes graue, a coward mindes ingalley,
 The carrion of our lyfe, suppreffe of spirrit,
 Shadow of *Ioues* hate : Disdaines obloquie,
 Helles ongate, an Owlish conuerfation,
 All Ioyes deprife, and sorrowes invndation.

Looke not so downe agaist at what I say,
 But with a generous erected front,
 Number these willing woundes (my hartes defray)
 To Glory sole land-ladie of this account :
 They are the Tythes I pay to eternall Fame :
 There is not any one of them prophane.

Be not injayld to base *Aduersitie*,
 Rather slip out thy life at gloryes windoe,
 One stab will fend thee to eternity,
 And rid thee quite and cleane of all thy woe.
 Then there lies life-leffe all Calamity,
 Thy name and Spirrit fayre amountes to glory.

It

It is not as vulgaritie esteemes
 Sincere worth to be bebleft of Fortune,
 A fickle Dame that commonlie misdeemes
 Thoſe that her fauours moſt of all importune.
 Bleſſe thou thy ſelfe, and if that Fortune curse thee,
 Die in deſpight of her, and her diſcourtſie.

Oh what a base ingenerous fight it is,
 To fee men crooch and pewle at her vaine Altars,
 Offring their preſents to her peeuihneſſe
 And therewithall, their necks vnto her haltars :
 Be thou ſuſtant of thy ſelfe aloneſy,
 And if thou canſt not liue, yet die with glorie.

Fie on thoſe lowtſh growt-head lobbernowlles
 That flander Nature with their Modicums,
 I tell thee Natur's like to Marygowldeſ,
 Largely diſplay'd to twentie thouſand Sunnes,
 Which if they ceaſe to fhine in Majeftie,
 It ſhuttetſ it ſelfe, and is content to die.

Thy Spirrit is a particle of *Ioue*,
 It ſcornes indignitie and meane ſuffize,
 Like as a flame, or oyle, it mounts aboue,
 And take but Glory from it, and it dies :
 Yet dies it not, but to indignitie,
 Mounting by Death, to Fames eternitie.

There is no hell like to declined glorie,
 Nor is *Prometheus* Vulture halfe so fell
As the sad memorie of a happie storie
 To him, that in aduersitie doeth dwell :
 Ah, let him die that is not as he was,
 With ending blesse breake he the houre-glaſſe.

What booteh it to liue in base contempt
 In euer melancholie-adumbred mood ?
 A fable to the vulgar babblement,
A muddie ebbe after a Chryſtall flood ?
 Out with thy candle, let it burne no more,
 When once thou art become the worlds eyeſore.

And tell not me of dutie vnto life ;
 Nature is as indifferent to death,
 Life led in joyes abandon and deprife
 Is Natures deeper graue, then earth beneath :
 It is not death, that which the world calles dying,
 But that is death, which is all joyes denying.

Nature disdaines all groſſe encountering meat
 Fore-fed with *Nectar*, and Ambrosian sweetes,
 And Night that is the merrie dayes defeat
 We ſee how Nature giues it drowſie greces :
 Now : Sleep by night is but a ſilent ſigne
 How ſweet it is to die in loyes decline.

And

And then as is the morrowe-dawning day
 A fresh re-bleffe to Natures next awake ;
 So to the wretch that dies disgrace away
 Elizium is his fecond lifes partake :
 Where he shall triumph in eternity,
 And Fame the Chanteclere of such his glory.

Loe, I a president before thine eyes ;
 This gore imports the glorie of my Ghost,
 Who but fore-weening Cæsars tyrannies
 Fore-doom'd my self in care-preuenting post :
 Then thou that art a verie wretch indeed,
 Oh, why deferrest thou so long to bleed ?

Out with that Iayle-bird of aduersitie,
 Disdaine to liue at Natures joyleffe leasure :
 Bale drown'd in gore and magnanimitie
 Is an vpdive to all eternall pleasure :
 Thinke what a Fame-renowned thing it is
 In crimson floods to warfare base de-bliffe.

Deferre no longer then thy doome of death,
 But Champion-like confound Calamitie,
 Prosperities Satrap feares not to vnsheath
 His kil-care blade gainst fleshes fearful frailtie :
 Flesh of it selfe will one day turne to dust,
 Then doome it thou thy selfe since so it must.

Thou

Thou would'st not gladly eate an Abricocke,
 Or Peache vnpard, because their rinde is bitter,
 And fear'st thou then to giue thy selfe the stocke,
 That so vnkindely bittereth all thy better?

Oh, off with it, and yeeld thy sweetes to *Ioue*,
 And he will counter-sweete thee with his loue.

He will imbosome thee in his embrace,
 And Ioye-embalme thee in his *Heauen-delights*,
 Thy skarres and gashes he will faire-deface,
 And sanctifie thee with alhallowed rytes:

Thou shalt be as a Meteor ouershining
 All mortall glory in her dust declining.

There will we meet thee in Vermilion vest,
 I, *Otho*, *Anniball*, and all the rest,
 Fames choiseft Martyrs, who in Fates detest,
 Doom'd all our felues to euerlasting rest.

There will we magnifie thy happie woundes,
 And high applaud the with Crownets & Crownes.

With that I drew out my emboldened blade,
 Resolu'd to massacre my loathed life:
 When (loe) the Ghoſt from out my fight did vade,
 As though to tell his *Ioue* of my arife:

But ſuch a Sulphur ſtench hee left behind him
 That I in dreade thereof ſhooke euerie lim.

And

And therwithall my sword fell to the ground
 And I misdoubted some illusion :
 Such was the safetie that then I found
 In drowsie dread, and deaths confusion ;
 Prophanely spoken : t'was no frailties deed,
 But God alonlie stood thee then in steed.

So then remounted on my Sable jade,
 I rang'd ore craggy cliffes and defart dales
 In way-lesse wander, and in Horrors shade,
 One while conceipting *Catoes* death-awailes,
 And then anon reflecting on his stinke,
 Thus strayd I most in dread & deaths instinct.

Thrife drew I out my dagger for to stab me
 And then so oft I muf'd why *Cato* stunke so,
 Me thought there shoulde no such disglory be
 In sacred Ghofts, freed from the filth of woe :
 So was my moody mindes perplexed wander
 Partial on lifes behalfe gainst deadly danger.

Then on I rode, and riding through a dale
 Hell-like adumbred with a duskie gloome,
 A suddaine fatall blast did me assaile
 And droue me to a second damned doome,
 Where I might fee a more then hell-black finger
 That pointed me, and said : Loe yonder, yonder.

C

With

With that my Melancholy star'd round about
 And like a whirle-wind posted to the place,
 Where I might heare a voyce that roared out
 Reuenge, reuenge, thy dolorous disgrace :

And then eftsoons all in a Sulphur-flame
 Appear'd vnto my sight a shape of shame.

Her face was skowle regarding on the ground,
 Her eyes like *Heclas* euer-sparkling fires,
 Her finger on her mouth was a dumbe bound
 Of her *Cyclopiam* frets and fell desires :

In th'other hand she bare a fierie sheafe,
 And all her body was as pale as death.

Her haire was Snake-incurl'd *Medusa* like,
 Hauing the power t'instone me where I stood :
 So was I fencelesse all but in dislike
 And deadly horror of so dread a Bug :

At last she fretted out an angry noise
 And thus inspeeched it into a voice.

Feare not my wan and moody misproportion,
 For (I confesse) I am no fondlings joy,
 Nor am I of a wanton disposition
 As is the God of Loue that idle boy,
 Yet am I a joy in another kind
 To such as in vn-joy most ioy doe find.

I am

I am Reuenge, the doome of iniurie :
 The Misers refuge, and reuie to bleffe
 Occasions *Argus*, pith of Tragedies
 The summe of pollicie in all distresse :
 Wrathes thunder-bolt, and triumph ouer thofe
 That in their jollitie work others woes.

Th'injurious Gallant in his Commick braue
 I agonize with vnexspected bale,
 Because he ſhall not thinke that in the graue
 Lies nougnt but impotence and deaths auaile ;
 I'le fnew him that the worme hath power to moue,
 And none ſo lowe but may amount aboue.

There is a Phœnix of *Aduersitie*
 That faire results from her incinderment,
 And dares to braue with an vndaunted eie
 Prosperities ſhine, & brighteſt blandiſhment :
 It is Reuenge, t'is I can ſtare it out,
 And make it by disgrace the Misers flout.

I rear'd *Corelian* from his exile ſtate
 To triumph ouer *Romes* ingratitudo,
 And *Cæſar* I did whollie animate
 To down with *Pompeys* ſcornfull altitude,
 His fute deni'd him by the Senate-house,
 Did cauſe me make him *Rome*-Emperious.

Of latter dayes a *Bourbon* in disgrace
 I arm'd against his Lieges injurie,
 And gaue him victorie at *Pania* chace
 Where he beheld him in captiuitie :
 What though he were a Traitor in so doing,
 Tis statelie done to ouer-top a King.

To be faire Fortunes euer Carpet-darling
 Is femall glorie : But Reueng'd disgrace
 That's truly Masculine, and rich triumphing :
 Al peace-content is too too cheap and base :
 What manhood is it still to feed on Chickins
 Like infant nurse-boys in nice Fortunes kitchins ?

Giue me the man that with vndaunted sperit
 Dares giue occasion of a Tragedie :
 And be content for his more after-merit
 To be downe beaten from felicity :
 To th'end that with a fierce amount he may
 Re-blesse himselfe in spight of Fortunes nay.

T'is braue to plunge adowne into the deep
 And so vp-bound againe aboue the wawe,
 To be continually a mountain-sheep
 Is Cockrell-like, it is a dung-hill braue :
 The crauin Cocke is hartleffe from his hill,
 Shame to be so that hast a manly will.

To

To be depos'd from blisse by injurie,
 Is double glorie to remount to it,
 Nor is thy title lost to dignitie
 Vnlesse supprese of spirite forfeit it :
 Misfortunes power cannot foyle thy right,
 Doe thou but beare a minde in her despight.

We cannot say that man is ouercome
 That still beares vp his arme against his foe,
 Nor that he is sincerely out-run
 Whom the Corriuals trip doth ouerthrow :
 VVhat ere is lost with fore-wits vnpreuention,
 Win it againe with after-wits contention.

This humane fate, sometime to slip and fall,
 But to ingrouell in durt is beastlie base :
 To rise againe, oh that is Iouiall,
 Or els reuenge to death the downe-disgrace :
 Therefore, thou haft a spirit of despight,
 As well as in good hap to take delight.

The gallant man vnhorſt amidst his foes
 Fightes to the death his lateſt wrath away,
 And when he can no more : with mops and mowes
He floutes both them, and Death, and Destinie :
 So if not Victor, yet vnanquished
He dies to euerlaſting liuelihed.

Be not as is the coward Scorpion
 That rounded all about with ashie embers
 Dispaires and dies in selfe destruction
 Renting with fierce enrage his venom members :
 But if that *Ioue* nill ayde thy fortitude
 Downe to all *Acharon*, and the Furie brood.

Hell holdes in honor the braue minded man
 That knowes the price and value of his head,
 That measures not Renowne by inch or span,
 But by th'eternitie of *Ioues* Godhead,
 That skornes to brooke base infelicitie,
 Or pocket vp degraded dignitie.

And haply *Ioue* himselfe supplants thy state
 To see how thou canst scamble vp againe,
 And scuffle manly with malignant fate
 To a redoubled glories rich attaine :
 Then cheerly man : inhearten all thy sperrites
 And dead Reuenge thy miseries demerites.

Loe, I thy Aduocate vnto the Haggis
 Will still importune thy Prosperitie,
 And be at hand with poison, and with dagges
 To execute each plotted tragedie :
 Misfortune shall not scoffe at thy confusion,
 If hell and I befriend thee in coniunction.

Lay

Lay but thy hand vpon thy conscience.
 And faire in-vow mee in an earnest spirit,
 So shalt thou compasse Tragick consequence
 On all thy foes that now so frollick it.

They shall no longer feast vpon thy frets
 Nor register thy woes in their banquets.

Thou shalt eniowle them one against another
 With hostill jealousie, and dead debate :
 I tell thee (man) all friendship is unsure
 Founded vpon another's downe estate :
 Nor ioyes he long against Reuenges doome,
 That wrong in-states him in another's roome.

Heauen is the Arbiter, and wils it so,
 I and the Furies are the instruments
 To aſt that iuſtice in all tragicke woe,
 Now is it in this caſe our good intents
 To ioyne with vs thy manuall aſt heerin
 That more then priftin glory thou maift win.

But say thou winne not priftin glory by it
 Yet ſhalt thou ſee thy foes in downe disgrace,
 Thy ſelſe ſhalt aſt it, ſuch shall be thy merit,
 And ſuch thy glorie in a higher place :
 What greater glorie can betide the Vale
 Then force the Mountaine-top adowne to fall ?

So

So shall thy glorie not be lost, but left,
 Yea losse to them that all so dearly buy it,
 When thou shalt Phœnix-like of blisse bereft
 Rise from thy ruines to a higher merit :

Degraded from a puppit Commicke-stage
 To act the statelie Tragick personage.

Chang'd to a faire enfiered Salamander
 Breathing Reuenges bright and sacred flames,
 Which high inspirts men to lofty matter
 In quaint disdaine of aulicke infant games ;
 Games of the bodie, follies of the minde,
 Oh, how t'is base to liue so like a Hinde.

Nature hath giuen you male and female willes,
 The one wherwith to couet meriments,
 The other to detest all aduerse ils,
 Now is almighty *Jones* great woonderments
 More in his Thunder-boltes then in his sweetes,
 To shew Reuenge more woorth then Pleasures greets.

Then arme thy selfe Reuenges Champion,
 To bandie away thy foes, and all disgrace
 VVith politicke disimulation
 Of contrarie language, and contrary face :
 As the Camelion changeth stll his hue
 VVith euery obiect cullor : so change thou.

So

So maist thou close Camelion-like conceale
 Thy tragicke shape of Horror and Reuenge,
 Whiles' they misdoubting not thy false reueale
 Are caught vnwares like Woodcocks in a sprenge,
 Such is the honour of Aduersitie,
 With fleigthes to vndermine Prosperitie.

Be to thy oath, as th'Ape is to his blocke,
 Sometimes sticke to it, sometimes flit from it
 As pregnant pollicy may thee prouoke :
 T'is foole-sincerity, and want of wit
 To make a pot to breake thy head withall,
 Or rather not to break it first of all.

Vse Friend and Foe, and Neuter all alike,
 Onlie as instrumentall implements
 To thy designe ; thy aymed stroke to strike :
 And fee them but with ayery complements :
 That done, and thy affaire effected,
 Destroy them all for feare thou be detected.

Dead dogges barke not, nor stands it with thy honour
 To be vpbrayded with a curtesie ;
 Much lesse to be employd in like deuoir
 According *Quid pro Quo*es feruilitie :
 Such is the summe of perfect pollicie
 To worke securely with Vulgaritie.

D

Be

Be close, and iealous in each action
 For that close dealing is good Speeds assurāce ;
 And Iealousie's the Sentinell of Caution ;
 And bear thou still in mind this circumstance ;
 If all good fortune, and aduise shall faile thee
 To haue a starting hole for after-safetie.

T'was meger Prudence in the antique Sages
 That but with Goodnes could recure an Euill :
 Giue me the man that with wittes pollices
 Can Saint a Deuill with another Deuill :
 That can so shift, and shuffle the cards in fist,
 As turne vp whatsoeuer Trump he list.

T'is Heauens attaine to send thy foes to Hell
 With mutuall murthers in Seditions field :
 The vpper Buckets fall into the well
 The lowers faire amount we see doth yeeld :
 Such is the merit of Reuenges deed,
 With others wrack to work thine own good speed.

At least to die in well appeased wrath
 And in furuiue of all thine enemies
 Is stately dying : t'is faire lie downe and laugh,
 And an vp-rise to *Ioues* benignities,
Elizium and Fame in after ages,
 Reuenges blessed Rightes and *Appennages*.

Then

Then come, imbrace me with a firme assent
 And thinke no idle voyce follicits thee ;
 I tell thee (man) in thy arbitrement
 Lies all thy glorie, and felicitie :
 I'le be thy hand-maid heer in earth belowe,
 The rest aboue great *Love* he will bestow.

So sayd, she rear'd her skowle down-looke on
 And vagranlie regarding round about
 In Period-pawse ; At last as one bestraught
 She star'd, and trembled, and began to powt
 And suddenly she vanisht out of sight
 Because now in the East it dawn'd day-light.

Euen so (quoth I) is it Reuenges guize
 To be in force by Night, be gone by Day ?
 Such is not the instinct of Paradize,
 God graunt it be no Plutonicke affray :
 Oh what it is to be a mortall man
 Subiect to all the guiles and sleights of Satan.

Yet for her speech was consonant to Nature,
 I wisht sh'had been an Oracle of truth ;
 So credulous is *Angers* moodie vigure
 When once it is in-Cæsared in youth :
 And hand in-handed with a quaint Disdaine
 Iniurious disglorie to sustaine.

Yea what is not the miser apt to doe,
 What not beleeue to mittigate his euill?
 Well may he faine a patient outward hue,
 But not exile his inward damned deuill,
 The Vulture of despite that neuer dies
 But rents and teares his heart in rauin-wife.

Now Chanteclere the vigil of the night
 Crew broad day-light : when *Titan* in the East
 Peece-meale appearing in his pristin bright
 Broad-waked euery creature, man and beast,
 Ech musick-bird beblessing his amount
 Both in the humble vale and haughtie mount.

When (loe) my jade vnsprighted, and vnnighted,
 Rag'd and engag'd himselfe to all aduenture
 Ore hedge, and ditch, and flood, so fell affrighted
He was to see the Sunne, so shone a creature :
 All as the Tench in waterles despaire
 Beateth himselfe to death in spight of ayre.

So on I hasted at my jades behest,
 As whilom *Phaeton* in his skyey carte,
 Weake (God he knowes) to rule so fierce a beast,
 Deadly feare-frighted both in harte and arte :
 But whome our Lords safe prouidence bespeedeth,
 No humane power of heart or arte he needeth.

At

At last in processe of an ouer-tire
 My moody beast stood still in palfie-wife,
 Trembling and fainting in a daunted ire,
 (Such is the end of Rages ryotize :)

Then had I leasure for to looke about me,
 And (loe) I spide a Rock in shining glorie.

I hy'd me to it with a pleasing pace,
 And yet not pleasant, for t'was all too slow :
 So flight is Melancholie to darke disgrace
 And deadly drowfie to a bright good Morrow ;
 Yet on I march'd, and marueil'd at the sight,
 I neuer in all my life saw thing so bright :

As more and more I neer'd vnto the place
 So by degrees my Melancholy fainted,
 When (loe) anon with a religious pace
 A snow-white Iennet towards me aduanced :
 His name was *Good desire*, his faddle greene
 Was *Reuerend Solace* of a godly spleen.

Whereat my jade affrighted and despighted
 Sped all to naught as myft before the Sonne :
 When I eftsoons internallie delighted
 Was rapt by *Good desire* vnto *Devotion* :
 A penall place, yet parcell of the rock,
 And brighter then the Noony Zodiack.

D 3

There

There kneel'd a reuerend Sophie all in teares
 With needle-pointed Discipline correcting
 His Fleshes frailtie : Oh how he besmears
 The place with penall bloud, and blubbering :
His hart was wholly fixt on Christ his Passion,
So shew'd his Crucifixe-contemplation.

Before him was a Death's-head full of wormes,
 The picture of a Graue, and an Hower-glaffe,
A map of Doomsday, and Hell in fearfull formes,
 And Heauen figur'd all in Saintlie follace :
His pale and megre countenance areed
His spare poor fare, and how hard he bedded.

Standing behind him, he was in a trance,
 And I betooke my Eie to a steddie gaze,
 My Mind to an amaze at so great suffrance,
 So penall suffrance in so bright a place,
And now I see (said I) there is a blisse
Euen in Aduersitie what ere it is.

And thus aside I argued the case :
 In place so bright what meane these drearements ?
 A heauie case deserues a dolefull place
 Since bale and bleffe are aduerse Complements :
And yet the Glowe-worme in the darkest night
Though blacke it be, shines foorth a starry bright.

Cato

Cato and Reuenge were blacke, and both to blame
 Th'one in sulphure stenche, th'other in Lights abhor,
 And Melancholye was the Iade of shame
 That darkeling brought me to that dnbble dorr ;
 A better horse I hope hath brought me hether
 For both the place is bright, and tis fayr weather.

Long haue I rang'd to finde a place of ease
 Whear I may passe away my pensiue playntes,
 And happily if this be now that place of peace
 Heer rest I euer in my woes attayntes :
 Heer in this Cauue, and in this fable shrowde
 Dye I a Caytiffe, vnder Fortunes clowd.

This aged man and I will both together
 Complaine in common our calamytie ;
 That haply whiles we striue t'outplaine each other
 Suche our ambition may swage our miserie,
 Or both at once, may cracke as ouerstrained,
 Ambitious dying is a glorie gained.

But (well I wot) thou wrong'ſt this holy place
 By mis-constructing it to care and bale,
 T'is puddle sacrilege ſo to disgrace
 The grace of God, through errors rude misprifall :
 What though the man doe ſeeme diſconfolatē,
 Somewhat it is doth thee exhilarate.

For

For why, I felt my spirit all possest,
 With a reuiued hope to happinesse ;
 It was the Grace of God in my vnreft
 That in-lie cheer'd me vp to future blesse ;
 Deer gift of God, the Charakter of life
 And heauenly make-peace of our ghostly strife.

It is the Raye, and Speech of heauen to man,
 The Rainebowe-pledge of Gods beneuolence,
 The Limbecke of our justice, and the Fan
 That winnoweth sin away from innocence :
 Prime moouer, and efficient cause of good
 To all that are redeem'd with Christ his blood.

Whiles thus with infant-zeale I did applaud
 The in-come grace of God into my heart
 In full detest of fore-affected fraud,
 Loe, now this penall Sage began to start
 From out his trance, and with a heauenlie voyce
 And armes a crosse, he bid his soule rejoyce.

Rejoyce (quoth he) at this eternall truth,
 The man is blest that for Gods justice sake
 Sustaines with Patience reproch and ruth,
 Our Lord hath promist that he wil partake
 His heauen to him : *His* name be prai'd therfore,
 And so he kist the Crosse, and said no more.

With

With that my heart exulted in my breast,
 As faire presaging weale vnto my woe ;
 For why I was not vulgarlie distrest
 But, for a cause that bore an honest shewe,
 Yet for my frailtie was impatient
 I long'd for speedy death or folagement.

Then stept I to that man of Mysteries
 With carefull Complement least to offend,
 When he eftsoons with reuerend arise
 Did recomplie me like a perfect friend :
 The tearcs of joy that trill'd adowne his chin
 Did sweare what true affection was within.

And lastly he thus embracingly bespake me,
 Welcome (*Elizian-man*) a thousand fold
 More deere and shone to *Catechrysius* eye
 Then all the Pleasant pride of Pearle or Gold :
 Rare, yea all too rare are now adayes
Elizas subiects seen to passe this wayes.

Belike yee are a Paradized people
 That so contain your selves in home-delights,
 As though that only vnder your steeple
 And no wher els were all May-merry Rights :
 A blessed people ye are, if it be so
 And yet me thinkes thou seem'st a man of woe.

E

Whereto

Wherto I answered all with humble thanks:
 First, that I was the man he took me for
 Bred and brought vp on fayre *Elizas* bankes,
 Next, did I largely shew him furthermore
 How blessedly we liue, as hee had heard
 Vnder *Elizas* peacefull power and guard.

And as for my peculiar distresse,
 I tolde him so I seem'd, and so I was
 The Rag of Fortune: Badge of base deblesse,
 The Spunge of care, a broken Hower-glaſſe:
 The Finger-man of shame, and Obloquie
 Downly degraded from Felicitie.

I told him of my dreary journement
 On moodie Melancholie; and how I sped
 With *Cato*, and Reuenges babblement,
 And how, along the Desart as I fled
 I met with *Good Desire* a goodly Steed
 That brought me thether in my ghostly need.

I would haue told him more of my arange
 Euen all the verie conscience of my case,
 The caufe of ſuch my reprobate exchange
 From bleffe to bale: & how frō place to place
 Bowndleſſe in care, I rang'd to bownd my Fate,
 Content to die: but not die desperate.

But

But he eftsoones preuented me, and said :
 Oh happie thou, if so thou knew'st thy hap,
 I tell thee (man) thou art right faire apaid
 Exild from *Mammon* into *Iesus* lap :
 Come sit we downe, and I will shew thee how
 In this distresse, thou mayst nor breake, nor bow.

So downe we late : my heart was festiuall
 My eare was eager-liquorish to embaite
 Good *Catechrysius* his Cordiall :
 Who then with eies to heauen eleuate
 And crosse-laid armes did vow syncerely
 All loue and truth in what he meant to shew me.

And then (quoth he) deare Englishman, suppose
 Me not vnciuill t'interrupt thy tale,
 For in our Lord I well aread thy woes
 And Charitic hies me to recure them all :
 Now all is but the action of the Mind,
 That rectifi'd, the rest is all but wind.

Know then, thou art no better then a man
 Natur'd indifferently, to weale or woe,
 Who ere he be that's borne of a woman
 Is first just nothing, next an *Embrio*,
 Then borne into the world in impotence
 Poore interest to future Excellence.

E 2

Nay

Nay borne in fable sinne to Gods offence,
 Nipt in the blossome by the blast of Hell,
 Spur-gall'd of *Adam* both in soule and fence
 And hodge-podged between a man & Deuel,
 A fardle of frailties doom'd vnto damnation
 So sore we haue incur'd Gods indignation.

If these be titles of felicitie,
 Ah, poore felicitie, vnplcasant Pride :
 Rooted in hell, brancht in mortalitie
 And round imbark'd with sin on euerie side :
 Nor are we thus disgrac'd but of our selfes
 For firsit we eate the Apple of all these helles.

We might have chosen in *Adams* Libertie
 Whether t'haue eate that Apple yea or no,
 But needs we would aduenture : And wot you why ?
 Forsooth of Pride both good and bad to know :
 So flunke from vs the glorie and grace of God
 Leauing vs quite to our selfe breeching-rod

Heerhence we couet counterfeit content,
 Sublime mundanity, and our Fleshes ease,
 Rating the trash of earth true solagement
 And euery toy of price our fence to pleafe :
 Such is our frailtie, and yet we see it not
 So to subiect vs to so seruile Lot.

And

And such the matter of thy discontent,
 Because thou ouer prizeſt Fleſhes ſenſe,
 Rating the world at all too high a rent
 Wheras it is but dufte and Gods offence :

The *Mammon* of iniquitie in Scripture phrase
 And but a meere Crocadyle amaze.

Conceiſt thy ſelſe no better then thou art,
 A ſorie Journey man from birth to death
 And all this world but matter of vndefart
 And a meere momentary trash-bequeath :

Death doomes all Fleſh at laſt, and Fleſh-affaires
 Be it Fleſhes joyes, or Fleſhes ſeruile cares.

Blesſe being the perfect Counterpane of good
 This world is not of worth to correſpond it
 It being but trash ore-flowne with Fraiſties flood
 And deep indown'd from heauens fellowship :
 Then vp to heauen amount thy true ambition
 And as for earth out-care it in contrition.

Not to deſpaire and die as *Cato* told thee,
 For that is base Puſillanimiſtie
 And Natures moſt unſhallowed infamie,
 Treafon to God, and fell diſloyaltie
 So to betray his Fort and Charaſter
 To ſelſe-miſdoome, and drearie diſaſter.

We ought not cancell Gods eternall doome
 Vn-labelling our life from his faire Charter,
 For such is diffidence in his holidoome
 And prowde in-officing vs in his affaire :
 Nor can we kill Calamitie by death
 For he is just in earth, and hell beneath.

Thou canst not flit from his almighty doome
 He being th'Arbiter of all, and nothing :
 Who gaue thee Essence out of *Vacuum*
 Can paine thy ashes all in earth reposing :
 Well maist thou shift his anger into grace
 But not depriue thee from his heauenly face.

As vaine it is to thinke Reuenges deed
 Can counter-doome thy bale to blessednesse,
 The power of Flesh being but a rotten reed
 And selfely inclined vnto all distresse :
 Then since we are so wretched of our selfes
 Add worse to yll doth but encrease our helles.

Such is Reuenge : It is a haggard yll,
 A Luciferiall ranke uncharitie :
 The venom, and blacke-*Santus* of our will
 Vnreasons rage ; spawne of Impietie,
 Breath of Despaire, Prime-brat of Enuies brood,
 And all good Natures Satyr-*Antipode*.

Reuenges

Reuenges arme rear'd vp against the Foe
 Aimes to defeat God of his interest
 Who clausually referu'd that worke of woe
 Vnto his owne judiciall behest ;

Thou art a man, and once didst sucke thy mother,
 Thou canst not judge thy selfe, much lesse another.

And what know'st thou whether haply for thine owne
 Or for thy Predecessors finnes thou suffereſt,
 God oft transfers his indignation
 From the offending East to th'ending West.

Or whether it be to trie thy patience,
 And flush the more thy good obedience.

If it be for thy finnes, oh happy thou
 That art so temporally corrected :
 Such is Gods mercy, not his Iustice-blow,
 A worser doome is to thy euill indebted :
 For God being good in all infinitie
 Such is thy finnes, and hels affinitie.

And if for thy forefathers trespasses,
 Tis braue to be so good a Sacrifice,
 God earſt to expiate thy amiffes
 Being a president before thine eies
 Of willing death ; wee are not borne only
 Vnto our ſelfes : Suche is vncharitie.

The

The feeble Nature euen of Flesh and Blood
 Hath been so kind to die for Ancestrie,
 Gentility records *Eneas* good
 In that he bore his aged fathers frailtie
 Through *Troyes* flames : much more ought Charitie
 Beare patiently another's penaltie.

But shall I say that haplie in this case
 Our Lord is pleaf'd to trie thy patience,
 Thy valure, and obedience in disgrace ?
 Oh, that were all too glorious a pretence :
 For (well ye wot) that Souldiour is a King
 That choycelie is employ'd in warfaring.

Tis Scowndrell-glorie still to sit at ease
 In gawdie satisfaction of thy fence :
 Nay, tis no glorie at all, but a disease
 That Canker-like consumes thine Innocence.
 Now God being pleaf'd to cure thee thereof
 Doth thus confound it all into a scoffe.

And yet confounds it so, as thou maist see
 His Iustice and his Mercie ioind together,
 Thy yll contrould to future dignitie,
 So dooth the goodnesse of thy cause auerre :
 If God did meane thy eternall infamie,
 Worse passiue cause had foule befall'n thee.

Thou

Thou canſt not haue a more assured pawne
 Of Gods benignitie then a good cause,
 It being vnto thy ſoule a ſacred dawne
 Of heauens day ; and an eſpeciall claueſe
 Or Charter-warrant of Saluation
 By a ſecure Conſcience-attēftation.

Not all the glorie of this world is worth
 The minnim-*Emphēſis* of a good conſcience :
 The verie penall teares it ſendeth foorth
 Are more then pearls of Indie-excellence :
 Much more are they Emperiall dignitieſ
 Her inward Ioyes and Iocundities.

Say that the Corpes of ſuch a Conſcience
 Lie all in mange before the Mifers dore,
 His name as hell held in the worlds offence,
 Yet is he not vnfroture therefore ;
 For heauen and he being ſtill in good conjuſction
 All that's but vapor, and no found conuſion.

Nay t'is to thee a haughtie merit-matter
 If brookt with patient valure to the end ;
 Which eaſely thou maift doe, if thou conſider
 That Iefus tempts thy patience as a friend,
 Not in his rage aboue thy power and ſtrength,
 Whom he reprooues at firſt, he faues at length.

And

And sooth to say, what is Prosperitie
 That so should make thee abhor Aduersitie ?
 Euen *Cæsars* loftie pomp, and soueraigntie
 Is not by ods sincere felicitie ;
 Subiect to Care and Alteration
 Through Enuie, Errour, and *Adulation*.

How much adoe is done ere men attaine
 To wealth and glorie by *Ambition* ?
 Still carke and care shares halfe the seruile gaine,
 The rest remaines to Deaths confusion :
 Tis well if tart Synderisie and Hell
 Triumver not to towlle the passing-bell.

Care in attaining, and care in attaine
 Care is the lower and the vpper staire :
 Such carefull glorie is but glorious paine,
 Yea care, or care-leffe either, all's but aire :
 Feast it in care, or feast it carelefly
 Death is the latter *Harpie* of all glory.

Besides, how many Villaines are aduanc'd
 To such theatricall, and stagic-state
 Whilst Vertue lies obliuiofly entranc'd,
 Neglected, and disdain'd as out of date :
 Besides the multiplicite of abuse
 That is in such mundanities mis-use.

Whereas

Whereas the patient Satrap in distresse
 Behonesteth his guiltie suffrance :
 And if he suffer for Gods righteousnesse,
 Lo, there the summe of all true valliance :
 Heauen's *Machabe* he is that so downe-dies
 Guiltie of all glorie, and Gods deere dainties.

Who heares his name a thousand yeeres hence
 Will giue it glorie, prais, and reuerence
As to a Temples ruin-Monuments
 Rased in Sacrilege, and Gods offence :
 He will be-villaine those that did the deed
As Scowndrell-Agents of Hells blacke arced.

We are not borne to Fortunes complements,
 As soueraigne dainties ; but as Vertues tooles
 Wherwith to shape vs perfect lineaments
 Of honorable Manhood : And not as Fooles
 To dote vpon the Pensill in our hand
And not depaint vs like to Gods command.

Vertue's the Ladie of our humanitie,
 And Fortune but the hand-maid of our merit,
 Now, were it homelic done to magnifie
 The meane aboue the maine : T'were pettie sperit
 To flip our nettes into the Sea for water
 And pardon Fish, as no part of the matter.

This life is but a warfare against finne
 And either Fortune is but finnes Coate-armour,
 Be it bright or blacke, great danger lies therein
 If thou resist not with a haughtie valour :
 T'is witlesse yeelding to her gawdements,
 And cowardize vnto her drearements.

What skils it whether we fight with blacke or white
 If blacke and white be both our enemies,
 The one in guile, th'other in flat despight ?
 The Goblin-Bugs, and Faery Hiedegies
 Are both the shades of hell, and night-affrayes
 Encounter, nor assent quelles their dlfmayes.

And why are we the image of our God
 The Monarchs ouer all Elementaries ?
 But to controwll with Reasons righteous rod
All flesh and bloods fraile sensualities ;
 T'is sensualitie, and pettie power
 To mal-content thee for a fading flower.

Stand thou on Reasons haughty Promontorie
 Superior and secure ouer all disgrace,
 Rage wind, and waue, & horror round about thee
 Yet all is glorie and peace in that bright place :
 Nor Death, nor Hell can damnifie thy honer
 So long as Reasons arme beares vp thy banner.

Oh

Oh generous minded men that can esteeme
 All state inferiour to their mindes degree,
 And not abandon it to base misdeeme
 Of any Fortunes power aboue her glee :
 But can out-stare it with a quaint regard
 In reference to merite, and Gods grand reward.

That can conceipt all Fortune as a Fog
 Bee't black or bright, all but a matter of aire,
 If bright, oh then it doth but flatter and cog,
 If blacke, it drowns thee with a flood of care,
 Vnlesse thy mind be as a Sunne aboue it
 Faire ouer-shining all her mist-demerit.

Faire Fortune is a Bog, a dauncing danger,
 And Temperance must foot it with a modest pace ;
 Her frowne, a gulfe that drownes the hartlesse stranger
 That cannot wend with Patience his disgrace ;
 Both that and it are mortuarie matter
 If fed vpon in Indiscretions platter.

Submit not then thy sacred Substantiue
 To Fortunes heftes : but as thou art of Nature,
 So still continue thy prerogatiue
 Aboue her blandishing and spightfull power,
 So shone a Patrimonie as thy Mind
 Let neuer Fortune wast it out of kind.

Thou art no part of Fortune, but thine owne :
 Vertue thy fore-guide, Heauen thy attaine,
 Good death, not loftie life thy best Renowne,
 Contented mind thy glories after-gaine :
 Without content all glorie is but gall,
 And with content disgrace is festiuall.

Content's the Spunge of true felicitie,
 The Cordiall against degraded blesse,
 Corriuall to the highest Empirie,
 The badge of Innocence and Righteousnesse,
 Vertues enthroned, Rent of a manlie mind
 To God for whatsoeuer state aſign'd.

It is the *Phænix* of fore-glories Embers :
 Patience her wing, *Heauen* is her amount,
 It is the *Christopher* whofe manly members
 Waſteth the miser-man through all affrount,
 It is the true and perfect *Salamander*,
 Breathing vitalitie in flames of fire.

Not ſo the Skowndrell in his greateſt glorie,
 For ther is no Content in guilt of euill,
 A ſkowl down-looke, and ſwart fynderiſie
 Betokening him a member of the Deuill :
 He cannot with a faire erected front
 Be-*Abba* God : nor yeeld him good accomp.

His

His glorie in guilt of yll is as a flower
 Begnawne with an accursed Caterpiller,
 Or as an Apple perisht in the coure
 Though faining outwardlie a faithfull faire ;
 Oh fatall incense, oh accursed fume
 That so choaks vp the wretch doth it assayme.

Wheras the others conscientiall-content
 Doth feast his Fates, and ciuillize their rage,
 Turning their gall to glee and folagement
 And faire be-heauening hell with her affwage ;
Hee's as a Bwoy aboue the bosterous waue
 Dauncing to scorne the Seas ybillowy-braue.

So strong in power is his sincere incline
 To Gods ordaine and holie prouidence,
 Resting therin as in a sacred shrine
 Or Sanctuarie against all hels offence :
 The Deuils eager-gripe cannot confound
 Him whom our Lords protection doth bound.

There is no hell but in our Gods offence :
 Please him, and boldlie plunge adowne the deep
 Of all accurse : his holy Prouidence
 Being the *Argus* which doth neuer sleepe,
 Will on the wings of safe Protection
 Still beare the just man vp from all perdition.

What

What hap can hap amisse to Gods beblest ?
 What wauue can surge aboue his prouidence ?
 The *Hagges* of hell are chain'd to his behest
Hell gates obey his high omnipotence :
 Diue downe to Hell, if he beare vp thy chin
 Wel maist thou sink a while, nere drowne therein.

If once thy hope be anchored in God
 No wauue, no bluster can endanger thee,
 Thy foot from falling is securely shod
 He correspnding thy fidelitie :
 If God thy Center be and thy defence
 Be Hell, be Deuil thy Circumference.

The Tyrants steele, the Hang-mans Axeltree,
His strangles, mangles, and his fierie doomes
 Cannot confound true magnanimitie
 Founded on Gods true loue & hollidoomes ;
 His life in gore, his Ghoſt in shadcs of hell
Are more at ease than anie tongue can tell.

The earthen minded man cannot conceaue
 So haughtie glorie in disglorie and dole :
 His groueling appetite doth fo bereaue
His wit, impelling it to another gole ;
 Hce's fo besotted in his Leprosie
 That it alonlie he esteems true glorie.

But

But time will come when at a iust Tribunall
 The iust mans miserie, and the misers glee
 Will come in *Coram*, and bee doom'd for all :
 Then mourning good shall mount to Maiestie,
 And sin-polluted glorie downe discend
 Tirreparable dollour without end.

Then vae to guiltie glorie, glorious guilt,
 Vae to supprese of vertue, aduance of vice ;
 The Rascalls towre on Vertues ruines built
 Must then adowne, and he repent the price :
 Oh, farre more happie then disgraced good,
 Then Vice aduanc'd to skowndrell altitud.

But thou wilt say it is Detraction,
 It is thy name defam'd among the just
 Thy life bely'd through misconstrucion
 That more then all thy glorie in the dust
 Be-hels and tortureth thy manly mind,
 It being a mischiefe of a wooser kind.

Bee't so (*Elizian-man*) I doe confesse
 Detraction is indeed a monstrous euell,
 Foule *Harpie* of honour, Night of righteousnesse
 And the vnciuill tongues most venym-driuell,
 Much more I doe confesse it is a spight
 To be of honest men a villaine hight.

G

But

But on the other side, when thou consider
 The sand-blind errors euen of justest men,
How much from Gods intuitic they differ
 And oft when most they iudge, are most mistaken ;
 Dispaire not at their doomes, but in thy hart
 Blesse God who sees thee only what thou art.

Oft-times the good man credits with his eares
 Not with his eycs : Therhence if injurie
 Redownd to thee ; the fault being whollie theirs,
 Farre be it from thy hearts synderisic :
 Yea rather with a bolt vp countenance
 Giue it the Lie, and hardie sufferance.

Much more the Villaines obloquie disdaine it
 As currish crauin against thy Innocence,
 His Viper-language cannot cracke thy credit
 A blushe leffe conscience pleading thy defence ;
His tongue against thy Soules securse estate
 Fares as a reed against a brazen gate.

But if his obloquie be a true *Echo*
 Of thy mis-gouernance and guilty life,
 Then well I doe aread it is a woe
 Vnto thy honor, and a slaughter knife ;
 Wheras contrarie-wife if thou be found
 It's but an ayrie, and an idle fownd.

Faire

Faire then aguize thee with a trim transcent
 Aboue al flesh and hells indignitie,
 Emboft with gentle Patience, and Content
 Lamb-like repineleffe at aduersitie,
 For, foorth I say, and heauen will witnesse it
 The just mans miserie is a haughtie merit.

And first please God in his commandements,
 Next, with a true Satrapick-sufferance
 Grace me that face of thine, those lineaments
Against Detraction and hells mis-valiance,
 Shew that thou art the image of thy God
 In patient portage of his penall rod.

So, nor dispaire, nor yet reuenge thy woe
 But with the prudent Serpent in distresse
 Safe-garde thy head ; let die the rest beloe :
 Thy head in heauen, thy heele in heauiness
 Is merrie matter, if thou well consider
 That death rejoynes them both in blesse togither.

Hast thou not noted this effect in Nature,
 How chill-cold winter calefies the water
Antcperifcizing her powers together
 Wherby it faire resists her ycie ire ?
 So, in thy winter of Aduersitie
 Create thy selfe a sommer-Iubilie.

Giue place to furie as the humble Snaile
 Retreating in his hornes gainst misaduenture,
 In time all violence will selfelie quaille
 If vnprouok'd with currish misdemeanure :
 The chillest winter and the darkeft night
 Redound at laft to Sommer, and broad day-light.

See how the Marigold against the Son
 Displayes and shuts it felfe at his dominion
 Lessening at night her spred proportion
 But nere discoloring her gold-complexion,
 So to the foueraigntie of God aboue
 With Fortunes night deminish not thy loue.

But thinke misfortune is the flaylc of grace,
 The clarifying Fornace of thy soule
 Wherewith God strips away thy chaffe-disgrace
 And make thee pure mettle with fuch controwlle
 T'is honorable manhood to obey thy God,
 Bee't in his mercie, or his justice-rod.

Wilt thou submit thy mind to Fortunes Impostes
 Faithleffe of Gods benignitie and care ?
 Ah, rather doe disdaine her bales and bofes
 As Crocadyle-deceipts, and crabbed ware :
 And to thy God alonly plie thy heft
 For fuch is pure dutie, and the pure best.

So

So doing, better boons then Fortunes baubles
 Will Spaniell-like attend vpon thy merite,
 Good death, and after death th'immouables
 Of glorie, and fame, and an in-heauened spirite
 In euerlasting Iubilie and blesse
 Far more then heart can thinke, or tonguc expresse.

So shalt thou swim away in Vertues flood,
 A happy burthen to a happy Maine,
 Gods flowerie-eternitie garlanding thy good
 And his embrace lullabying all thy paine :
 Oh, happy thou when such adoption
 Shall faire befall thy tribulation.

When all thy Crosses shall appeare in heauen
 As euer-memorable Annalles of thy merit,
 Or as bright Trophees to thy Virtue geuen
 The Saintes of glorie all applauding it ;
 When God with his ferenest countenance
 Shall euer bright be-boone thy sufferance.

Then wilt thou nere repent the of thy woe
 But wish it had been twentie folde as much
 For *Iesus* sake, who euen in earth beloe
 Can frolick thy incinder with his tutch
 And faire be-heauen thy bones in drearie graue,
 Aboue the glorie and ease that *Cæsars* haue.

And sooth to say, wherin hath *Iesus* err'd
 Or not deseru'd such suffrance at thy hands?
 Hath he not alwayes in his life preferr'd
 Disgrace and dole to rid thee out of bands?

Oh, was not he the man, the Lambe that dy'd
 To shew thee heauen in woe, and not in pride?

He was Almighty to haue sau'd his head
 If he had pleas'd; But for a president
 Of passiu Fortitude, and Lamblihead
 He condiscended vnto woe and torment,
 And did erect the Crosse a capitall
 Ensigne of honour, and renowne to all.

And since, what Saint did euer amount to bleffe
 That hath not more or leſſe been crucif'd?
 Either with ſelfe zeale-doome, or by opprefſe
 Of tyrannie by villaines hands infliſted?
 The ſeed that muſt to flowery growth redound
 Muſt first lie dead, and withered in the ground.

Befides; oh what a monſtrous thing it is
 To liue delirious vnder a thorney head;
 Thy God to daigne to die for thy amifle
 And thou repine to be dishonored
 For Vertues fake; Oh fond ingratitude
 So to permit thy ſence thy Soule delude.

If

If so the flesh, the world, the deuill could doe
 More spight vnto thy state then God can quayle,
 Or that his grace could not transcend thy woe
 Be-cheering it with happie counteruayle,

Then might'ft thou with a just repine detest
 To be by any fate of flesh opprest.

But God both can and will relieue his Plaintiffe
 That doth with just petitions inuoke him,
 Selfe-louelesse and repineleffe at the grieve
 That from his foueraigne doome betidcs him;

The louing mothers teat is not so prone
 Vnto her Babe, as Christ to his deere one.

So shew'd his *Pellican* content to die
 To giue thee life, the gore adowne his breast
 To wash away thy fin-impuritie :
 His dolour was thy euerlasting rest,
 His bitter wounds the euer open gates
 Of grace, and glorie to thy rankest fates.

Loe, he thy paines-appease, true charter-warrant
 Of glorie after gall : The bonnic bright
 Whose crimson rayes can faire propulse and daunt
 The dreadest Goblin of thy darkeſt night :

Be thou the man of duty to thy dole,
 The rest let him alone for to controle.

Inſhrine

Inshrine thy Patience in his Passion
 Thy Hope, thy Constance in his after-boones
 To his entire irradiation
 Submit thy night-shades and decreased Moones,
 He is the Sonne of Right, and will appay
 All vertues anguor with a Hollie-day.

Bchold his image yonder on the Crosse,
 See how he droops and dies and damnes Reuenge
 Yeelding his whole humanity in grosse
 A pendular reproch on woodden henge :
 Yea euen his Deitie he doth deject
 Vnto a seeming shadowed defe~~t~~.

Be not a beast of desperation,
 A moodie torment, traitor to thy selfe,
 Tis grosse conceipt and imperfection
 To ground thy Barke vpon thy owne shores shelfe :
 Suffice it that extrinsecall aggriefe
 Abound, *sans* that thou giue it home-reliefe.

Thinke that thy finnes are greater then thy woe,
 Thy worldly grieves but Graces happy rescue
 From greater helles that to thy sowle doe growe ;
 Or haply to enforce to manly vertue
 Thy youngling heftes of grace ; or to containe
 Thy present good from proouing after vaine.

Time

Time and thy graue did first salute thy Nature
 Euen in her infancie and cradle-Rightes
 Inuiting it to dustie Deaths defeature,
 And therewithall thy Fortunes fierce despights :

Death is the gulfe of all : and then I say
 Thou art as good as *Cæsar* in his clay.

Death is the drearie Dad, and dust the Dame
 Of all flesh-frailtie, woe or maiestie ;
 All sinkes to earth that surgeth from the same,
 Nature and Fortune must together dic :

Only faire Vertue skales eternitie
 Aboue Earths all-abating tyrannie.

Read in my front the ruine of my nature
 And therewithall perpend thy miscries,
 I doe confesse I were a cursed creature
 Were not Gods grace aboue m'infirmities,
 So, thou in Faith to after-retribution
 Asswage thy woe and tribulation.

Die in thy Sauiours wounds, and there an end,
 There pricke the Period of thy moody wander,
 To him thy woe, and the reuenge commend
 As to thy soueraigne Liege and high commander.

And thinke no error whispereth in thine eare
 For what I say is true, and that I sweare.

H

So

So said : the teares of zeale trill'd downe his cheeks
 Attesting truth vnto his Catechisme,
 When (loe) estfoons vnto the Crucifixe
 Crooching adowne, he said ; Oh sacred Chrifme,
 Oh sweet affwage of infelicitie
 Witneffe that what I say is veritie.

Say, art not thou the image of our Lord
 The true Character of his sufferance ?
 Was he not crown'd, deluded, and abhord
 Misuail'd, and scourg'd with vile mif-valiance ?
 Oh, was not he the holie Paschall lambe
 That di'd repineleffe for the finnes of man ?

Sweect (*Iefu*) giue me leaue to kiffe thy figure
 With thankfull zeale to thy benignitie,
 And let me pray thee by so great diffigure
 T'inspire this man of woe thy paſſiue-glorie :
 That not all like a beast hee droop and die
 Heart-leſſe and impious in his miserie.

Defend thy image from so black a blurre
 With thy in-shine ; Let not temptation foyle
 So much thy Paſſions price all like a Curre,
 But as thou art a President of toyle
 To after-glorie ; so let thy grace fore-goe
 And faire accompanie this man of woc.

With

Without thy grace my spcech is all but aire
 And barraine Marle ; it batteneth not the ground :
 It is thy grace that foysoneth all affaire
 That holie grace which floweth from thy wound ;
 I speake in flesh, inuested in my bryer ;
 There is no flame at all but from thy fire.

Make it appeare how good a God thou art
 And how thy woundes were not in vaine inflicted,
 What Nature cannot doc, let Grace impart
 To strengthen and inhearten the afflicted,
 Shew that thy mercie is aboue the bound
 Of Fortunes topsie-turuie to confound.

Let not the fancies of a loftie stile
 And vaine mundanitie transport thy creature
 As though alonlie Fortunes lowre or smile
 Were soueraigne Glories gift and dread desfature,
 As though thy power were worne out of date
 And could no longer signiorize our fate.

Disperse the terrors of his moodie night
 That he may see thy shone *Hierusalem*
 And in this holie Cittie *Sions* light
 Abide, and faithfullie beleue this Theame
Happie they all that suffer for our Lord,
For he to such his heauen will affoord.

With that he kist the Crucifixc againe
 And with a strict imbrace therof he founded ;
 His Ghost amounted vp to heauens domaine,
 His corps lay trunke-like seeming dead confounded ;
 Whiles I meane while internallie infierd
 Did feele the woonders of Gods grace inspired.

Then gan I credit *Catechrysus*
 And hatefullie abhor my former mood,
 Base Melancholie, black and impious
 That so distrayd me from eternall good :
 My heart exulted, and in zeale I swore,
 Now by our Lord, Ile be a beast no more.

I will no longer grudge at vertues toyle,
 But gladly will be crucifi'd with *Iesu* ;
 No yron-fate shall heerafter foyle
 My constancie vnto the Christ-crosse rew :
 I will accompt all dollour and mishap
 More deere then sweetest Lullaby in Fortunes lap.

No longer will I wander vp and downe
 The desart of Reuenge, and dread Dispaire,
 But heer will stint me against mis-fortunes frowne
 A land-man of this foyle and happy aire :
 From hence I will reuiewe to pristin blesse
 Or els die heer with *Iesu* in distresse.

No

No sooner said I so, and gaue consent
 To Graces in-come, and our Lords attaint,
 But (loe) eftsoons from heauens high regiment
 Musicke resounded, and appeaf'd my plaint.

It was so sweet aboue my feeble frayltie
 That downe I fell as one content to die.

Dying in so sweet follace and in-heauen
 I was no more the man of earthly nature,
 Gods Graces holie rellysh, and sweet leauen
 Had altered my flesh to a new transfigure :

Figure of zeale to be in *Iesus* armes,
 Condition to endure ten thousand harmes.

But God who saw & wrought this alteration,
 Faire interdicted Death his date-most deed,
 And sent an Angell from his holie region
 To cheere my frailty vp to future speed :
 Whome when I saw and smelt his heauenly hue,
 It did eftsoons my death to life renue.

He then out-stepping from his siluer-cloud
 Made toward me with a reuerend peacefull pace,
 And as he march'd euer and anon he bow'd
 Vnto the Crucifixe was there in place.

Whereto at last downe humbled, he kist it,
 And gaue it me in hand, and thus inspeecht it.

Hold heer (*Elizian-man*) thy Sauiours image
 The typick *Trophee* of thy soules redeeme,
 Be it thy lifes eternall *Appennage*
 Thy hearts deere daintie, and thy choice-esteeme,
 Inconscience it within thy in-most heft
 For *In hoc signo vinces* is exprest.

Be it thy Standard against all affrount,
 Vnder her shade tire out Mif-fortunes weather,
 Be true to it, and make a fure account
 Heauen is thine owne as fure as God liues euer :
 God liues for euer to protect and pay
 His Champion with a ioy-eternall day.

And hether I come, fent from his Tabernacle
 To certifie so much to thy poor frailtie,
 And heer haue brought thee heauen-inchanted tackle
 To warfare flesh and bloods calamitie :
 Loe I thy *Angell* of protection
 Against whatsoere foule and fell affection.

With that he arm'd my Head with Reafons Helme,
 The Crest was Vigilance ; the Plumcs were twaine
 Temprance against faire Fortunes ouerwhelme,
 And Patience against her angrie vaine :
 The Gorget was Content, and either Pouldron
 Was humble Prayer and Meditation.

The

The Corflet, it was Zeale of Gods true honour,
 The Back peece, Hope to after-retribution,
 The Gauntlets, tackles to Charities endeuour,
 The Vant-braces, Faiths decke and decoration,
 The Martch, he did injoyne was Penitence,
 The Combate, Courage against all sinnes offence.

Then gau he me in hand a Shield of Golde
 All ouer-grauen with Christes Passion,
 And round about in-amill'd I might behold
 Death-heads, and latter Resurrection
 To heauen or hell : The Crosse in th'other hand
 Was all my Spear against whatsoere withstand.

Thus arm'd ; the *Angell* bright againe in-clouded
 Vpbounded from mine eye toward heauen away
 Leauing the place with spiced sweetes suffused
 And all bestrew'd with Crownes and wreathes of Bay,
 Spelles and demonstrances of future gloric
 To well atchiued warre and victorie.

I then there all alone vn-Angelled,
 Began to view and glee me in mine Armes
 Woondring to see me so be-Championed
 Against th'affaults of sin and Fortunes harmes :
 And thus I said : Oh shone *Hierusalem*
 What woonders are in thee to wwell-fare men.

I bleffe the God and Spirit of thy bounds,
 I bleffe thy Concord and thy Monarchie,
 I bleffe the streams that tril from *Iesus* wounds
 Into thy feuen-fold Cesternes ; and from thee
 Are vitally imparted vnto all
 That liue within thy Rampier and thy wall.

Loe, I with Graces furniture faire arm'd
 Within thy confines, humbly beseech thee
 Admit my Souldiour-ship as yet vn-harm'd
 With any aduerse warres, into thy cittie :
 And daigne me there a stand against all euill,
 The flesh, the world, and fiercee insulting deuill.

In thee I see how much I went amisse
 Ranging the desart of mundanitie,
 And in thy wisedom nowe I learne this
 That not in Fortunes false malignitie
 But in finnes guilt, and grimme captiuitie
 Is only wracke, and blacke calamitie.

I fee my misse in thy faire Phisnomie,
 My way-leffe errors in thy vnitie,
 I feele the ardure of true Chiualrie
 Inspired in me from thy Nobility :
 Heere liue I then the remnant of my age
 Vnder thy haughty woorth and Patronage.

So

So said ; a siluer bell from high resounded
 Summoning that Region round about to sacring,
 When (loe) eftsoons *Catechrysius* vn-swounded
 His soules returne did giue him new reuiuing,
 Oh sacred sommon, sweet enchanting peale
 That so from heauen to earth couldst soules repeale.

His face like *Phæbus* in his Noony-shine
 Daunted my feeble eye at prime aspe^t,
 His soules regresse had made it so diuine,
 Bebrightning cleane away all fraile defe^t,
 As had not zeale inheartened my frayltie,
 I had not had the power t'abide such glorie.

He then vp-rising toward me aduanced
 And kist the Crucifix I had in hand,
 So done ; he said : Sweet *Iesu* be thou thanked
 That haft vouchsau'd my prayer to vnderstand ;
 Confirm me in thy grace for now and euer
 That from thy loue and laud he varie neuer.

With that he imbrac'd me with a frount of glee
 And call'd me brother, and Coparcener
 Of *Christes* Domaine, and therwithall he gaue me
 A golden ring ; the poesie was *Perseuer* :
 So, foorth we went vnto the Temple-ward
 Twas sacring time, and musick much we heard.

Along as vp the Rocke we footed it
 He did congratulate my shone in armor
 And did expound vnto me euery whit
How I might vse it to Gods greatest honor
 And then concluded: O *Elizian*
 See what it is to be a Christian.

Wouldst thou haue thought in thy mundanitie
 That euer Fortunes heel had had the might
 To spurne th' away to such an after-glorie ?
 Or that thy forie iournement all night
 Would euer haue brought thee to sweete repose
 As now thou feelest farre aboue thy woes ?

The ball out-banded from the court of game,
 Fals not of force into the durtie kennell,
 But marke, and often shalt thou see the fame
 Flie in at Pallace-windowes, and there rceuill
 Vpon the royal Mattes, and rich embroider ;
 Such grace of God hath blowne thy frailtie hether.

Not all the flush of thy fore-frolickte state,
 The worship of thy birth, thy rich reuenue,
 Thy countries high applaud and estimate
And all that faire Elyzium can yeeld youe,
 Is of the worth to countervayle thys hap
 Fallen from faire Fortune into Graces lap.

Say

Say that *Eliza* is the Lords deere daintie,
 The *Phænix* of true *Principalitie*
 The feast of peace and sweet saturitie
 Vnto the people of her Emperie ;

Say that she is both Grace and Natures none-such
 I bend my knec ; and say and thinke as much.

For I haue heard the woonders of her name
 Our coasts is full of great *Elizabeth*,
 Yea, all the world is fertill of the same ;
 Sweet Name that all mens penes and tongues inableth,
 Sweet Sound that all mens fences lullabieth,
 Sweet Marle that all the world imbatteneth.

But such her glories are but eare-delightes
 And lip-sweetes only to our far awayes,
 For we are no *Elizium*-bred wightes
 Nor haue we any such like merrie dayes ;
 Wee haue our joyes in another kind
 Ghostly innated in our soule and mind.

Whom angour of mishap or guilt of ill
 Driues to dispaire, and selfe misdoomfull deed,
 Loe, heer th'vnfraught of his woe-loaden will
 And reuerend riches to his ghostly need ;
 Loe, heer his Arke against the inundation
 Of Sinne and Fortunes funerall-temptation.

Heer (loe) the amitie of men and Angels
 In uniforme adore of one true God,
 Heer Peace and Pietie togither dwels,
 Heer Scisme, and Discords clouen-foot nere trod,
 Heer sacred Ceremonies are in vre
 As wedlocke-rightes twixt Faith and Soules infuse.

Heer chantes the Nightingale incessant praise
 And prayer vnto the Orient sonne of God,
 Heer Grace our vncouth Adamisme allayes
 Stepping her golden foot wher guilt erft trod,
 Heer Sacrifice and Sacrificer both
 Gods blesse and good acceptance still fore-goeth.

He would haue told me more to this pourport,
 But that his vp-hill pace out-tyr'd his speech
 And now were also neer the Temple port
 Where euerie sight I saw was so heauenly rich
 As had he vttered more mine eies delight
 Had quite vndone mine eares to doe him right.

Ah, now I want the Muse of *Salomon*
 To tell you a Temple-tale, a tale of truth
 All of the Architect and frame of *Sion* :
 To tell you of her age and of her youth
 And of her reuerend raigne and regiment
 And how *Doblesa* rues her high achiuement.

The

The grownd was Faith ; the meane worke Charitie
 The Top, a Hopefull apprehension
 Of heauens attaine : All was of Vnitie
 A follid mettle heawn out of Christ his Paſſion :
 Yea Christ himſelfe was fundamentall ſtone,
 And all the Sowder was Deuotion.

There shin'd the Rubie and the Chryſolite
 The ſparkling Diamond, and the Emeraud greene,
 Each Saphyre in their ſeucrall delight :
 There was the happy Iacent to be ſcene
 The Topaſſe, Onyx, and many a faire gem,
 Corraſl, Amber, and Aggats were tralh among thē.

Which ſuch bright rough-caſt ouer all incrusted
 T'was heauen to ſee what Rain-bowe rayes it yeelded
 Whiles euerie gem ambitiouſly contended
 T'out-stare each others ſtarry neighbourhed :
 It was ynough t'illumine all the world
 But for the myſts that falſe *Dobleſſa* hurld.

Rofes and flowers of all cullored kindes,
 The Marie-buſh and pleasant Eglantine
 The Honey-fuckle in her twiſted twines
 Immixt with Yuie, and the Grape-full Vine,
 Did all growe vp that ſtarrie ſpanglement
 Spouſing her ſplendure with their ſpiced ſent.

Below these heauen-amounting swauities
 Grew ouer all the Temple-greene beside
 Sweet Gilliflowers and Primrofes
 The Pink, and Gerifole (the Suns deer bride ;)
 The Molie, Violet, and the pleasant Dasie
 Balme, Margerum, and sweet Coast-marie.

There grew the loftie Cedar, and the Pine,
 The peacefull Oliffe, and the martiall Firre
 The verdant Laurell in her shadie-shine,
 The patient Palme, and penitentiall Mirrhe :
 The Elme, the Poplar, and the Cipresse tree
 And all trees els that pleasant are to see.

All kinds of fruits were there perpetuall
 The Date, the Almond, & the sauceful Citron,
 The Fig, the Orange, and Pomegranet royall,
 The Quince, the Abricock, and the musk-Mellon
 The Plumme, the Cherie, and the pleasant Peare
 The Filberd and the Mulberie grew there.

Amid these trees, these fruits, these flowerie sweetes
 Ran in a Maze-like wile a chrystall streame
 Of heauenly *Ne^rtar* ; in whose sweet floods and fleets
 Swom sholes of fishes, euerie fishes gleame
 Brighter than *Tytan* in his Southerne stage :
 This streame was strong against prime guiltes enrage.

Her

Her silent murmur was so musicall
 As it dissolu'd the Rock to sand and grauell
 Whreby it might more in especiall
 With multiplicite of eares incell
 Her musick-sweets: yea euen the earth beloe
 Did open, and cruēt her bowels therto.

There fate the Maus and the Nightingale
 Carroling their Layes vnto th'eternall spring
 The little Larke high houering ouer all:
 There euery bird did either play or sing,
 The Parrat for his plumes did most excell
 But Phænix bare away the triumph-bell.

There was no sauage shape, no Laruall hue
 No Bug, no bale, no horrid Owlerie
 But all that there was, was sincere and true,
 Her sweets, her spendure, & her musick-glee;
 Yea euen the Angels of Diuinitie
 Were of that league, and Confraternitie.

Whiles thus with facted follace I furuayd
 The Temples outward majestie, and heauen,
 So long on that imparadize I stayd
 That now the Temple clocke did strike eleuen:
 It was the instant time of high Oblation
 We might no longer linger, but begon.

Eftsoons

Eftsoons we did so pace-fullie aduance
 That to the Temple-dore we straight arriu'd,
 Ore which was grauen, *Vna, Militans*
 Astile from *Vnitie*, and Warre deriu'd ;
 The gate was all of pure beaten golde,
 The Portch a funnie Zodiacke to behold.

Then in we entred, (oh, we entred in)
 Please God I neuer may come foorth againe :
 What saw I there ? Oh my eyes were dimme
 My soule, my substance all was poore and vaine
 To comprehend so high magnificence ;
 Yet what I can I will you it dispence.

I Spanield after *Catechrysius* foot
 A happie shaddow to good a substance :
 All like a flower as yet but in thee root
 Tending to future growth, and shone aduance :
 The Temple-porter was a reuerend man
 And was t'admit in no *Elizian*.

Then ask'd he *Catechrysius* who I was
 Who answered a *Catecumen* hee,
 With that he greeted me, and let me passe,
 Such was my entrie to felicitie :
 The Temple gates were fower and this was it
 Which none but *Europe*-spirits might admit.

There

There on my knees my heart was full of fire,
 Fire of the grace of God (deere grace of God)
 Which stong bemettled my zeales aspire
 To view the glorie of that shone abod :

It was a Pigion from the Temple-top
 Which all that frame, and glorie did vp prop.

A Pigeon whiter then the whitest Pigion
 Solie subfistant of his owne pure Effe,
 His Poſſe was Sanctification,
 And Graces bounteous liberalitie ;
 What Iefus erſt had planted with his blood
 This Pigion gaue it grace-full liuclihood.

The beames which iffued from his brightſome brift
 Were ſuch as none but Sion cuer faw
 Nor euer could Dobleſſas dreary miſt
 Indarken, or reſemblle, or withdraw ;
 Loue, Peace, and Magnanimity in good
 Patience, and Prudence aboue all flesh and blood.

Iuſtice, and Temperance, and Benignitie,
 Zeale, and internall Conſolation,
 Pittie, and hopefull Longanimitie,
 Obedience, and brotherly Correc̄tion,
 Deuotion, and Mortification
 And firme affiance in our Lords Saluation.

K

Such

Such were the Pigeons rayes from Temple-top
 Which like a heauen of light illumin'd all,
 It being therto a more secure vpprop
 Then any lime and stone, or brasen wall :

Oh *Sion, Sion* happie Cittie thou
 So holic-ghosted against all ouerthrow.

Then looking downe vnto the residue
 I might discerne a reuerend ministerie
 Of men and Angels chanting vnto *Iesu*
 Incessant Hymnes of praise and Iubilie ;
 The high Sacrificator at the *Altar*
 Victiming with holie rites his makar.

What shall I say of all the maiestie
 Of all the reuerend rites and ceremonies
 The rich adorne, the heauenly melodie,
 The luster, and the precious swauities
 That there I saw, felt, heard, and vnderstood ?
 Oh, they transcended farr poore flesh and blood.

For, what the goodnesse and the power of God
 In their immensitie could jointlie doe
 Was there in force *sans* bound or period,
 His grace and glory both did tend therto :
 The meaneſt obieſt there vnto my fence
 Was more then all the worlds magnificence.

There

There saw I sacred imposition
 Of hands ; and grace abundantly imparted,
 Chrisme, and autentique Sanctification
 And Exorcisme of such as were possessed :

Their credence and their language was alike
 All Babell-Biblers they did dead dislike.

There was no scambling for the Ghospels bread
 But what a publike Vnitie diliured
 The same a prompt Credulitie receiued ;
 Their humblenesse was so beholie-ghosted
 As Pride had not the power to entice
 The wifest of them all to a new deuice.

Casting my eye aside, I might discrie
 Selected troopes of people from the rest
 Dooming themselues with great austcritie
 Both men and women in discullored vest ;
 They were the people of vowes, and high aspire
 Endu'd with Graces more especiall fire.

On no hand could I cast my liquorish eie
 From heauenlie miracles and mysteries ;
 Some school'd their Pupils fraile infirmitie
 Dispencing them Gods sacramentall graces,
 Some raif'd the dead, and some expulst the deuill,
 Yet nought could make *Doblesa* see her euill.

How manie Sionits of choise esteeme
 Braue men of woonders haue beene sent from thence
 To teach *Dobleffa* (Errors dreary Queene)
 Their Temples sanctimonie and innocence ?

How many worthies haue dispens't their blood
 To doe th' vnkind *Dobleffa* so much good.

But she, oh she accursed Sorceresse
 Would neuer yet beleue, nor gree their grace
 But still persisteth in her wretchednesse
 Warfaring with bloody broile this happy place ;
 Yea, had she might according to her malice
Sion had been a ruine long ere this.

She was a Witch, and Queen of all the Desert
 From *Babell*-mount vnto the pit of *Hell*,
 She forc'd nor God, nor any good desert,
 She could doe any thing saue doing well :

Her law was Libertie, her lust was Pride
 And all good awe and order she defi'd.

Erst ere this Temple was establisched
 She had no being at all aboue the earth
 But euer lay in deepest hell abyssed ;
 Why did not God confound her in her birth ?
 Oh, t'was because his Temple might attaine
 Through her assaults to be more soueraigne.

Gods

Gods Lambe was now both bred and dead out-right
 To ransome all the world from sinnes inthrall,
 And to secure it in more happie pligt
 Had built this Sanctuarie sacramentall :
 It shin'd so shone vnto Gentilitie
 That it began to see, and gree her glorie.

And as the merrie riuer to the Maine
Or the in-ayred stome downe to his Center
Fleets and descends as to their due domaine,
So it to Sion confluently bent her :
 Yea, had this hag not been so timely bred
 The world had all ere this been Sioned.

For she could quaintly maske in *Sions* guize
 And fooke out venym from the Flower of life,
 And so retayle it with her subtilties
 For purest honey : Such was her deed of strife ;
 Her woluish nature in a lamblie hue
 Shee could disguize, and seeme of *Sions* crue.

Like Ensignes she oppof'd to *Sions* Ensignes,
 Like her pretence of grace, and Gods high honor,
 Like Grapes she did contend grew vp her Vines,
 And as good Gold as *Sions* seem'd her Copper ;
 It was but seeming so, not so indeed,
 Her seeming-flower was a very weed.

For why, the spirit which she did pretend
Was not autentique from the holy Ghost,
On no authority she did depend
Nor had she certaine being in any coast ;
Her owne behest she did Idolatrize,
And *Hydra*-like renu'd her Fallacies.

She had no Altar, nor no Sacrament
No Ceremonie, nor Oblation,
Her school was Cauill, & truthelesse babblement
Riot her Raigne, her end damnation ;
This was the haggard whoore of *Babylon*
Whose cup inuenym'd all that drunke thereon.

And this was she which now this holie-day
Whiles all the Temple was in deep deuotions
And high adore of Christs nativity
Came with her barbarous Babellonians
To bid it battell, and assault the place ;
But (oh the foole) she came against Gods grace.

She came with peace-full Oliffe in her hand
Pretending mutuall honour of that feast :
And all her rabble-rout she did command
As much in outward fayning to protest,
But vnderneath their plausible attire
They all bare balles of venom and wild-fire.

She

She was more craftie then Gcntilitie
 Which thought of yore with massacre to quell
 The propagation of Sionrie:
 For well she wist that *Sion* was as a bell
 And Persecution but as a clapper
 That made her filuer-found more far to scatter.

Shee therfore to beguile with friendlie seeming
 Came thus addrest; and priuily intempled
 Her speciall *Bout-fieux* to prepare her comming
 With seeds and weeds of jealosie and falshed:
 Meane while she stood without the Temple gate
 Protesting zeale and dutie to her state.

But God whose spirit euer *Argus*-ey'd
 The weale of *Sion* as th'apple of his eye,
 Saw from his high enthroned, and did deride
 The Harlots complot; and did by and by
 Inspire his Templers pregnant jealosie
 And valure against her slie hostilitie.

Efts might you heare a battle-bell peale out
 Religious Larums ouer all the Region
 And see a solempne confluence about
 The high Sacrificators holic Oblation:
 Each one was on his knees for Confirmation
 In grace againts so vile prevarication.

Amongst

Amongſt the reſt was I a *Catecumēn*
 As yet vngrac'd with his alhallowed hand,
 Vntil ſuch time as *Catechryſius* then
 Preſented me, and gaue him t'vnderſtand
 My Name, my Nation, and Conuerſion
 And how I crau'd to be a man of *Sion*.

Then tooke he mee by the hand, and did applaud
 Such my *Primitiae* toward ſo high reſolute,
 Bleſſing my on-gate fram *Doblessas* fraud
 And ſanctifying me with a holie falue ;
 He wept for joy that an *Elizian*
 Would come to be his *Metropolitan*.

And for he ſaw me abſolutely arm'd
 Alreadie to the warres ; he faid no more
 But only bleſt me, and with his breath becharm'd
 My Conſtancie againſt the *Babell*-whore :
 And for I was an *Engliſh*-Ilander
 He prickt me downe vnder *Saint Georges* banner.

Then *Catechryſius* tooke me by the hand
 And led me to my Cullors ; and as we went
 He briefly told me and gaue me t'vnderſtand
 How all *Doblessas* dorrs I might preuent,
 And then concluded. Oh, that *Eliza* were
 A *Sionite* to day to ſee this geere.

By

By this *Dobleffa* seeing all her guile
 Detected and Alarum'd ouer all,
 Was in a peiting chafe, and gan reuile
 The name of *Sion*, and to scale the wall :
 Loe, thus began the holie warres of *Sion*
 Against the rampant Hagg and whoore of *Babylon*.

Then might you see whole Legions of Angels
 Discend adowne in amitie of warre
 To *Sion*, against *Dobleffa* and her deuels :
 The warre was like as when proud *Lucifar*
 Tumulting all the Court of heauen was throwne
 He, and his complices to hell adowne.

Eftsoones the high Sacrificator seeing
 The vp-shot brunt of all *Dobleffas* broyle
 Came personally himselfe vnto the bickering
 To cheere his men of warre in all their toyle :
 And thus befpake them from the holie Tower,
 His speech and gest was full of grace and power.

Oh men of *Sion*, happy Machabies,
 Whom Temples honor in your soules ingrafted
 Higlie demeanes to Gods benignities ;
 Dismay not at the number of the dead
 But thinking who he is for whom you fight
 Redouble your prowesse, and your manly might.

L

You

You combate for the high *Hierusalem*
 A region of Peace and Immortalitie
 Fore-spell'd, and promist only vnto them
 That straine in her behalfe their vp-shot constancie :
 Nor feare yee any woundes or any dying
 So good a death tends to a better reuiuing.

See, how confusedly *Doblesa* fightes
 Without all discipline or good array,
 Her Camp abandon'd to intestine spightes
 And euerie one contending to beare fway ;
 Their owne disorder will confound their power
 The frame of Discord dures not an hower.

On then like gallants of the holy-Ghost
 Fighting in Vnity, and for a Crowne
 Against a rascall and tumultuous Host ;
 Nere let the strumpet pull the Temple downe,
 No, neuer shall the strumpet pull it downe
 For God is God, and it is all his owne.

Rememorate the glorie of her Age,
 And of her Raigne, and of her pristin Warres
 How often hath she quell'd *Doblesas* rage
 Attempting to assayle her holy Rampiars ?
 Hath she not been a Nurse vnto yee all
 A Shelter, and a feast most festiuall ?

Besides

Besides, hath God not promised of yore
 That hell shall ne're preuaile against her gates?
 And hath not he vouchsau'd to die therfore
 Establishing her glorie against all Fates?

Yea, is not he her fundamentall stone
 Her daylie Sacrifice and high Oblation?

What will ye more? Oh Sionites no more,
 But to your tacklings stand like men of honor
 Like men of *Sion*, one to twentie score
 Such *Babell*-hildings; mortifie their rancor
 With constant and imperious resistance,
 God and his Angels are in your afsistance.

So said, he blest them, and dismift them all;
 Who straight in troops vnto the Rampiers ran
 And happie he could get vpon the wall:
 There then a second skirmish fresh began,
Dobles still perfisiting in th'assault
 And *Sion* fierce supplying all default.

It was a heauen to see the good array
 And vnitie of *Sion* in this conflict,
 How euerie one was willing to obey
His Officers encharge though ne're so stri&t,
 The holy-Ghost was in and ouer all
 Cheering their combate with his cordiall.

Meane while the high Sacrificator, he
 Attended to the Temples Sacrifice
 Offring it vp for peace and victorie,
 He chanted *Hymnes*, and *Laudes*, and *Letanies*,
 And in Pontificall Procefson
 He and his Clergie made their intercession.

Some in their studdies commented the Text
 Conferring place with place, and with traditions
 Ov'ring the fraud wherwith *Doblesſa* vext
 Their Ghospels peace ; some others in her stations
 Boldlie aduentured their liues to tell
 The Babellonians of all her hell.

Some they perfwaded, those were verie few
 And of those few not one of ten perfisted,
 But still as fear and fraud their frailties drew
 They started backe againe like men agasted :
 Oh, what it is to be too fsecular,
 It was fclf-loue that all their weale did marre.

And of such braue aduenturous Sionites
 As *Doblesſa* could by hooke or crooke intrap
 They di'd the death, and suffred all the spights
 That rage and rascall wit could jointly rap,
 Subiect they were to dreadfull perfecution
 By publick ediſt, and false brethrens treason.

What

What sacring, and what sacramenting was
 In *Sion* all this while for *Sions* safetie
 Was more then all the strength of stome and brasfe
 In her defence ; God not in enmitie
 But for her greater glories sake permitting
Dobleffæ thus to bid it bale and bickring.

Contrarie-wife, *Dobleffæ* ru'd the fate
 Of her attempt ; her mood began to quaille,
 For God now seeing the prefixed date
 Of *Sions* patience in her last auayle
 Did on the fuddaine so enlarge his grace
 That th'whoore retir'd, and gaue backe apace.

And then to shew her lateſt trumperie
 (Now that our Lords permiffion faild her powre)
 She gan with Magick-spels and forcerie
 Faire Virgin-like to falsifie her figure,
 Therby to feeme as gracious as ſhe could
 To *Sions* eie ; ſuch was her guize of ould.

But when ſhe ſaw that all her fallaces
 And fierce assaults to *Sion* were in vaine,
 And feeling now withall Gods heauie furies
 Showre down vpon her like a floud of raine,
 Shee could no longer bide the brunt of *Sion*
 But backe ſhe reel'd to hell and *Babylon*.

And fearing least her daunted enterprize
 Might haplie alien her peoples hearts
 From her obeyance : She so bewitcht their eies
 With mystes of falsof glory, and high deserts,
 That they besotted in their disaster
 Betooke them to their heeles, and fled with her.

And as they fled, Oh, marke their vanitie,
 They did so crauin-cockadoodle it
 As though they had run away victorie
 And left faire *Sion* in her dying fit,
 Such hoopes, such clangor, and fuch symphonie
 And all was but *Doblesfas* pollicie.

She nusled them in so proud Peacockrie
 To th' end they might not see their damned state,
 But still perseuer as the Bumble-Bee
 Repine-lesse in their dung, and desperate :
 Oh, cursed and vnkind captiuitie
 To be so willing drudge to Falsitie.

Yet some whome *Sions* more especiall beame
 Had bright appaid to see her dignitie
 Fled from the witch, as wak'd from out a dreame
 Of Faery, and Chimericall Imagerie,
 Such *Sion* intromitted in her gate
 Applauding them with deere congratulate.

Contrary

Contrarie-wife whatsoeuer Sionite
Doblesſa could with flight or fight enthrall
 She led away into eternall night
 Blind-folding their eyes to make them fall
 Into a thousand helles and offendickles,
 Thrise fatall lapſe from Grace into ſuch pickles.

Nor was the holie Temple thus acquitted
 For euer after from her hoſtill trouble
 But ſtill as *Hydra*-like ſhe had renued
 One head vpon the others ſtump and ſtubble
 She came againe, and made a braggard-flow,
 But ſtill ſhe bare away the Palfie-blow.

Such being the ancient league of God to *Sion*
 Neceſſiting her Peace to ſuch temptation
 And yet withall protesting his protection
 Therto : againſt all hell and *Babylon* :
 What greater ſafetie then fo good assurance ?
 The word of God is of eternall durance.

Thus *Sion* triumpht ouer moode and tumult
 Cabaging her Peace in perfeſt vnitie
 Againſt whatſoeuer future-Scifmes iuftiſt :
 And ſeeing now no more hoſtilitie
 But all the Regions cleere : She fell a rifling
Doblesſas ſpoyles, the Honors of her fighting.

And

And in her warlike wardrop there she plaft them
 Amongſt a world of former pillages
 And ſpoyles of Babell: high Hieruſalem
 Sisterlie applauding ſuſh her viſtories,
 And thinking long the day to honor her
 With her embrace, and euerlaſting cheere.

Then (to conclude) the high Sacrificator
 Came foorth in place, and bleſt the Combatants,
 Bidding them giue to God th' eternall honour
 Of ſo high hap: And therupon he deſcants
 A large diſcourse of Gods protection
 How prompt he alwayes was to ſuccour *Sion*.

So done: he efts diſmiſt the multitude
 T' attend vnto the buriall of their brethren
 Whom *Sions* honor had that day endu'd
 With zeale to die for her like valiant men;
 Their graues refented Immortalitie
 Sweeter then all the fents of *Arabie*.

And for it was a ſpeciall viſtorie
 Atchiu'd euen on the very walles of *Sion*,
 There was proclaim'd a generall Iubilie
 To be follemniz'd throughout all the region
 The Octave after; in feaſt-full reference
 And thanks to God for ſuſh his high defence.

In

In which meane while the holie Sacrificer
 Progressing the Prouince, visited his flocke
 And with his pastorall care, and Crozier
 Out-weeded and retrenched from the stocke
 Whatsoeuer venym weed, or graft of Error
Doblesſa had sowne, or set with guile, or terror.

Namelie ; he did especially dispose
 To carefull cure the wonded Combatantes ;
 And such as brunt of warre had flaine ; all those
 H'Incallendred to Fames rememberance :
 Laſtly, he did repaire and fortifie
 Each ruine against all future enemie.

By this the Octave-day of victorie
 Was come, when (loe) the Temples filuer belles
 Safely out-pealed to festivitie ;
 Then might you see both Sionits and Angels
 Troop to the Temple-ward like swarmes of Bees
 And hand in hand downe falling on their knees.

You may imagine, no ; you are to fraile
 To comprehend so high magnificence :
 There sawe I heauen and earth in ioynt-entayle
 Homaging to Gods beneuolence
 A world of praiſe and *Allelujacs*,
 Hallowing the aire with so thankfull praiſe.

I saw the high Procescion passe along
 In intermixed rankes of men and Angels
 The holie-Ghost ouer-hov'ring their song :
 There sounded Music-instruments and Belles ;
 Yea, birds conforted with their warbling lays,
 T' enter-common also in this dayes praise.

Along as thus we march'd about the Temple
 In rich array, in sweetes, and mellodie,
 A fuddaine Zephire-gale blew from the steeple
 Solliciting our eyes supernally,
 And what it was ; Oh, there I bend my knee
 It was a Virgin in bright maiestie.

The skie did open, and adowne discended
 Vpon a siluer-cloud this follempne sight
 A Mayden-Nymph most shone-satellited
 With all the Angell-court of heauen out-right :
 She was inuested in as Orient splender
 As Gods omnipotence and Loue could lend her.

She was the *Genium* of high *Hierusalem*
 The Patroneffe of *Sion*, and the Aduocate
 Of grace and mercie vnto mortall men ;
 Her coming was for to congratulate
 This triumph-day and gratefull Iubilie
 Of *Sion* vnto God for victorie.

Which

Which such her presence stinted our Procescion
 Rapting vs all into a sweete admire
 Of so shone figure ; her irradiation
 Flaming our spirites with a mightie fire
 Of Seraphin-affection and zeale
 To die in vision of her sweete reueale.

I may not be so impious and prophane
 As to compare this heauenly spectacle
 To any earthlie pomp or jollie vaine
 Of *Cæsars* Bride : whose pride is but a cackle
 Or as a shadow in comparison
 Of so triumphant and most virgin vision.

There on the Temple-pinacle she rested
 Gracing, and doubling our follempne feast
 With her in-heauen ; And all the while she attested
 Both with her glee-full countenance and gest
 Gods euerlasting loue vnto the place
 And eke her owne against *Doblesas* race.

At last she gan to wawe and wend about
 Our follempne multitude with all her traine
 Suspending vs in a delitious doubt
 Of some sweete sequell : Our doubt was not in vaine,
 For on the suddaine houering ouer vs
 She showr'd downe Roses most odoriferous.

M 2

Roses

Rofes both red and white adowne she shewred
 From out her virgin-lap, so sweet resenting
 As all our fences into fent adiured :
 So done ; she vanisht, leauing vs a scambling
 For such her sweets ; I for my part was one
 That neuer would giue ouer till all had done.

And stll I call'd vpon *Elizas* name
 Thinking thofe Rofes hers, that figure hers,
 Vntill fuch time as *Catechryfus* came
 And pointing me vnto his faithfull teares
 (Teares of the zeale he bare t' *Elizas* name)
 He told me No ; she was an Esterne Dame.

With that I cast mine eye into the East
 Where yet I might discerne the region bright,
 Much like as when the Sunne downe in the West
 Newly discended, leaues vs of his light
 Some Rubie-Rellickes after : Oh, deer God
 Why made she not with vs more long abod.

Rapt with theſe woonders, wrapt in virgin-Rofes
 And faire be-Sioned against misfortune,
 I fuddainly was gone from theſe reposes
 Sollicitid with an eſpeciall importune
 Of home-ward zeale and of *Elizas* name,
 Wherto I bend, and fay ; God blesſe the fame.

F I N I S.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

For the Fourth Year 1870-1.

8. A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part II.*

For the Fifth Year 1871-2.

11. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Sixth Year 1872-3.

13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

For the Seventh Year 1873-4.

15. Fllovers of Epigrammes, ovt of sundrie authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.
16. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*

For the Eighth Year 1874-5.

17. Belvedére; or, The Garden of the Muses. By John Bodenham. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1600.
18. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*

For the Ninth Year 1875-6.

19. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*
20. The Worthines of Wales. By Thomas Churchyard. Reprinted from the original edition of 1587.

For the Tenth Year 1876-7.

21. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*
22. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Issue

For the Eleventh Year 1877-8.

23. *Thule, or Vertues Historie.* By Francis Rous. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1598.
24. *Miscellaneous Works of George Wither.* Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Sixth Collection.*
25. *Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630.* Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

For the Twelfth Year 1878-9.

26. *Halelviah or Britans Second Remembrancer (1641.)* By George Wither. *Part I.*
27. *Halelviah or Britans Second Remembrancer.* *Parts II. and III.*

For the Thirteenth Year 1879-80.

28. *Britain's Remembrancer.* By George Wither. *Part I.*
29. *Britain's Remembrancer.* *Part II.*

For the Fourteenth Year 1880-1.

30. *The Hymnes and Songs of the Church.* By George Wither.
31. *The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse.* By George Wither. *Part I.*

For the Fifteenth Year 1881-2.

32. *The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse.* By George Wither. *Part II.*
33. *Paralellogrammaton.* By George Wither.
34. *Exercises vpon the First Psalme.* By George Wither.

For the Sixteenth Year, 1882-3.

35. *A Fig for Fortune.* By Anthonie Copley.

Publications of the Spenser Society.

Issue No. 40.

THE

GREAT ASSISES

HOLDEN IN PARNASSUS

BY

APOLLO

AND

HIS ASSESSOVR'S.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1885.

The Spenser Society.

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2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio Edition of 1630. *Part I.*

For the Second Year 1868-9.

3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part II.*
4. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part III. (Completing the volume.)*
5. Zepheria. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1594.

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6. The 'EKATOMIA or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (circa) 1581.
7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

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PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

THE
GREAT ASSISES
Holden in *PARNASSUS*
B Y
A P O L L O
A N D
H I S A S S E S S O V R S :

At which Sessions are Arraigned

Mercurius Britanicus.

Mercurius Aulicus.

Mercurius Civicus.

The Scout.

The writer of Diurnalls.

The Intelligencer.

The writer of Occurrences.

The writer of Passages.

The Post.

The Spy.

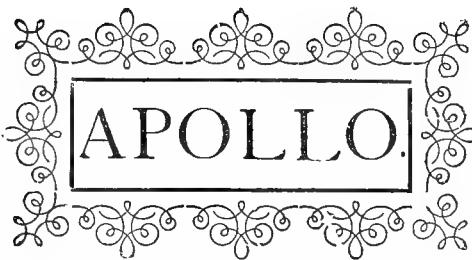
The writer of weekly Accounts.

The Scottish Dove, &c.



L O N D O N ,

Printed by *Richard Cotes*, for *Edward Husbands*, and are to
be sold at his Shop in the *Middle Temple*, 1645.



<i>The Lord V E R V L A N ,</i>	ERASMUS ROTERODAM.
<i>Chancellor of Parnassus.</i>	JUSTUS LIPSIUS
<i>Sir PHILIP SIDNEY,</i>	JOHN BARCKLAY
<i>High Constable of Par.</i>	JOHN BODINE
<i>WILLIAM BVDEVS ,</i>	ADRIAN TVRNEBVS
<i>High Treasurer.</i>	ISAAC CASAVBON
<i>JOHN PICVS , Earle of Mirandula , High Chamberlaine.</i>	JOHN SELDEN
<i>J V L I V S C E S A R S C A L I G E R</i>	HVG O GROTIVS DANIEL HEINSIVS CONRADVS VOSSIVS AUGUSTINE MASCARDUS

The Furours.

George Wither
Thomas Cary
Thomas May
William Davenant
Fosuah Sylvester
Georges Sandes
Michael Drayton
Francis Beaumont
John Fletcher
Thomas Haywood
William Shakespeere
Philip Massinger.

The Malefactours.

Mercurius Britanicus
Mercurias Aulicus
Mercurius Civicus
The Scout
The writer of Diurnals
The Intelligencer
The writer of Occurrences
The writer of Passages
The Poste
The Spy
The writer of weekly Accounts
The Scottish Dove, &c.

J O S E P H S C A L I G E R ,
the Censour of man-
ners in *Parnassus*.

B E N . J O H N S O N , Kee-
per of the Trophonian
Denne.

J O H N T A Y L O V R , Cry-
er of the Court.

E D M V N D S P E N C E R ,
Clerk of the Assises.

THE



The PROEME.

So *Uſt teares commix'd with ſtreams of guiltleſs blood*
May ſhew our woes, but not their period;
For this Heaven onely can affixe: Why then,
Trust wee to armes or ſtratagems of men?
Expecting peace, or any faire accord,
From Counſels wiſe, or the victorious Sword;
Since Heaven alone theſe evils can conclude,
Which Sinne firſt cauſ'd and on us did obtrude.
Could wee eject this cauſe, wee might find Peace:
For cauſes failing, then effects ſurceafe.
Wee need demand no counſell from the Starres,
To know the iſſue of theſe bloody Warres:
No Sibylles bookeſ or Oracles wee need,
To bee inform'd of things that ſhall ſucceed:
No Oracle of Delphos, but of Sion,
No booke, but that of God, muſt wee relie on.

No

*No Starre, but Jacobs Starre, can doe the feate,
To end our woes, and make our joyes compleate.*

*Could I th' harmonious sorrowes parallel
Of the incested mournfull Philomel :
Or could I imitate that fatall note,
Which is effused from the silver throte
Of that faire Bird, y' cleapt Apollo's Priest,
Who clad in feather'd Albe, with his soft brest
Divides the surface of the crystall stream,
And dying sings his owne sad requiem ;
Then might I such sad Elegies devise,
As would become our mournfull tragedies.
But give mee leave a space for to dismisse
Melpomene, and bloudy Nemesis,
And to elect a style which may appeare
More mild to many, though to some severe.*

Learned



*Earn'd Scaliger, the second of the twaine,
Second to none in Arts, did late complaine
To wise Apollo, of some strange abuses,*

Committed against him and the *Nine Muses*:

For *Scaliger* had beene *Grave Censour* long,
In *Learnings Commonwealth*, and liv'd among
The people of *Parnassus*, in such fame,
That all the world tooke notice of his name :

Himselfe hee humbly to his Lord addreſt,
And in these termes, his inward thoughts exprefſt.

(*Dread Prince*) to whose benevolous aſpect
Wee owe our Arts, and Hearts, with all respect
Which may bee due unto a Soveraigne Lord,
Who rules by Love, and Law, not by the Sword ;
I, whom your *Majeſty* daign'd to create
Censour of manners, in the *Learned State*,
Obliged by the dutie of my place,
Humbly preſume to importune your Grace,
Unto my votes to adde your royll will,
For a redrefſe of ſome abuses ill.

Needs

Needs must wee those advantages confesse,
 Which wee reape from the literary Presse,
 A priviledge which our forefathers wanted,
 Although to us Heaven it benignely granted :
 This engine of the *Muses* doth disperse
 Arts best achievements, both in Prose and Verse :
 It vents with ease, labours of learned braines,
 And doth the hand quit from a world of paines :
 Those *Wonders*, of which elder ages boast,
 Had almost all forgotten been, and lost,
 If this *Eighth Wonder* had not been contriv'd,
 Whereby the other seven have been reviv'd.

Your Grace well knowes (I need not to relate)
 How *Typographie* doth concerne your state,
 Which some pernicious heads have so abus'd,
 That many wish it never had been us'd :
 This instrument of Art, is now possest
 By some, who have in Art no interest ;
 For it is now employ'd by Paper-wasters,
 By mercenary soules, and Poëtasters,
 Who weekly utter, flanders, libells, lies,
 Under the name of specious novelties :
 Thus *Captaine Raskingham's* undone, and lost,
 For these his trade and custome have engrost :

And

And Hee, (for to maintaine an honest port)
 Is forc'd t' accept an office in your Court ;
 Hee in your Graces kitchin plucks the Widgeons,
 Geese, Dotterells, and Duckes, and all tame Pidgeons,
 And for his labour hee their plums retaines,
 Wages, that fute his person, and his paines ;
 But let not your *High Majestie* mistake,
 And thinke that my complaint is for his sake :
 If this abuse touch'd onely such as hee,
 It were no grievance, but a remedy :
 For *Truth*, and *Morall Vertues* injur'd are ;
 The *Muses*, and the *Graces* beare a share,
 In these notorious wrongs, with all that love
Parnassus, or the *Heliconian Grove* :
 Therefore (*Great Prince*) vouchsafe for to apply
 Your Soveraigne power, and authority,
 To vindicate your subjects, and to curbe
 Those Varlets, that your government disturbe.
 Thus spake the *Censour*, then *Apollo* shook
 His harnish'd lockes, and with a frowning look,
 Declar'd his discontent ; but having paus'd,
 Hee thus reply'd : *Grave Censour* I'm amaz'd,
 To heare the impudent affronts of these
 That thus contemne our Lawes, and our decrees,

B

But

But (by this golden Scepter) they shall try
 What 'tis to trespass on our lenity :
 If our remisnesse hath made them transgresse,
 They shall perceive that wee can make it lesse,
 In their sharpe punishment. Thus *Phœbus* ends,
 And then Hee for *Torquato Tasso* sends ;
 Under whose charge some Companies were listed
 Of that stout Gend'army, which consisted
 Of Heroick Poets, whose high valour was,
 No meane defense, but a magnifick grace
 Unto the Sacred Hill : this Regiment,
 On summons short, was ever ready bent
 To execute *Apollo's* just commands,
 With hearts couragious, and with armed hands.
 Stout *Tasso* did in sturdy buffe appeare,
 And after reverence done, desir'd to heare
 His Graces pleasure ; who soone gave him orders,
 With all his Cavalry, to scoure the borders
 Of high *Parnassus*, and low *Helicon*,
 And to bring in alive, or dead, each one
 That had discovered been, or to defile
 The Preffe with Pamphlets scarrilous, and vile,
 Or to have traduc'd with malignant spirits,
 Persons of honorable worth, and merits.

Tasso

Tasso departs with these instructions,
 And muster'd up his witty *Myrmidons* :
 The trumpet to the stirrop gives a call :
 They bustle to their armes, and mounted all,
 Haste to their Rendezvous without delay,
 And put in ranke, and file, they march away :
 For *Tasso* no advantage did decline,
 To prosecute the better his designe ;
 Hee into squadrons three his Troopes dissects,
 And unto severall quarters them directs,
 That traversing the countrey round about,
 They might the sooner find these foxes out ;
 In each suspicio[n] angle *Tasso* seekes,
 And in this inquisition spent some weekes :
 Nor did his other parties with neglect
 Performe what they enjoyn'd were to effect ;
 The limits of *Parnassus* they surround,
 And *Helicon*, with verdant Laurells crown'd :
 Mount *Pindus*, and those valleys ever greene
 Where pale *Pyrene*, and pure *Hippocrene*
 In liquid crystall rise, they search'd throughout ;
 Nor was the Vale of *Tempe* left unsought :
 Nor did their labours misse succeſſe desir'd :
 For they, before a moneth was full expir'd,

Had clear'd the coasts, and many pris'ners gain'd ;
 Which malefactors they in chaines detain'd,
 And them convey'd unto *Apollos* Court,
 Who welcom'd *Tasso* in most gratious fort :
 And for his faithfull service, him hee made
 Lieutenant Generall of that proud Brigade
 Of the Italian Poets : This reward
 Made elder *Dante*, and *Petrarch* to regard
 His dignitie with ill affected eyes :
 And *Ariosto* discontent likewise :
 But *Phæbus* did brave *Tasso's* merit weigh
 By reasoun, but in scales of passion they ;
 And when hee did perceive that they did fret,
 To see themselves behind their Junior set,
 Hee them assur'd they must expect t' inherit
Parnassus honours not by time, but merit.
 But when *Apollo* with his radiant looke
 The Pris'ners had into amazement strooke,
 Hee cauf'd thofe guiltie foules to bee convey'd
 To the *Trophonian denne*, there to bee laid
 In Irons cold, untill they should bee brought
 To tryall for thofe mischiefs they had wrought.
Apollo then a solemne summons sent
 To all thofe honour'd Peers that did frequent

The

The Learned Hill, and strictly them injoyn'd,
 Him to attend, upon a day assign'd :
 For in a full *Assise* hee did intend
 The crimes of these delinquents to perpend :
 His loyall Nobles fail'd not, to resort
 (Without delay) unto their Soveraignes Court,
 And on the day, which was for judgement set,
 They all in the Prætorian hall were met :
 Where *Phœbus*, on his high tribunall state,
 With his *Assessours*, in triumphant state ;
 Sage *Verulam* sublim'd for science great,
 As *Chancellour*, next him had the first seat :
 And next to him, *Budeus* did appear,
 Hee of *Parnassus* was *High Treasurer* :
Sidney tooke place upon the other side,
 Who th' office of *High Constable* supply'd :
 But *Picus* of *Mirandula*, (who was
High Chamberlaine) assumed the fourth place ;
 The elder *Scaliger* his place then tooke
 Before *Erasmus*, who shew'd in his looke
 Distaste, for hee (like *Pompey*) tooke displeasure
 To see himselfe put downe by *Julius Cesar*.
 In cuerpo then did *Fustus Lipsius* sit,
 Who more devotion had exprest then wit,

When to an *Image* hee bequeath'd his gown ;
 But had hee not been for a *Turnecoate* known,
 His offer'd garment might have found esteeme,
 Which fitter for a Frippery did seeme,
 Then for her use, to whom it was presented.
 Next him fate *Barclay*, somewhat discontented,
 'Cause hee had fail'd in finding that respect,
 Which hee from *Romes Archflamen* did expect.
Bodine, Turnebus, Casaubon and Grotius,
Mascardus, Heinsius, Selden, Vossius,
 Approved Criticks all, did there appeare
 On the judicall Bench with lookes severe.
 But when old *Camden* thought to take his place,
Apollo him repuls'd with some disgrace :
 For hee of late receiv'd had a complaint
 From hands of credit, which did him attaint
 Of misdemeanours, acted in a story,
 That did detract from a *Great Ladies* glory,
 Wherein hee was accus'd to have reveal'd
 Some things, which better might have been conceal'd
 Had they been truths : What madnesse him misled,
 T'asperse the ashes of that *Phœnix* dead,
 With notes of infamy, whose fun'rall flame
 Ravish'd the world with th'odour of her fame ?

Doubt-

Doubtlesse the living hee to flatter knew,
Much better then to give the dead her due.

(The Court thus set) the sturdy *Keeper* then
Of the unhospitall *Trophonian Den*,
His trembling Pris'ners brought unto the barre ;
For sterne aspect, with *Mars* hee might compare,
But by his belly, and his double chinne,
Hee look'd like the old Hoste of a *New Inne*.
Thus when sowre *Ben* his fetter'd cattell had
Shut up together in the pinfold sad :
John Taylour, then the Courts shrill *Chanticleere*,
Did summon all the *Furours* to appeare :
Hee had the Cryers place : an office fit,
For him that hath a better voyce, then wit.
Hee, who was called first in all the List,
George Withers hight, entitled *Satyrift* ;
Then *Cary*, *May*, and *Davenant* were call'd forth ;
Renowned Poets all, and men of worth,
If wit may passe for worth. Then *Sylvester*,
Sands, *Drayton*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, *Massinger*,
Shakespeare, and *Heywood*, Poets good and free ;
Dramatick writers all, but the first three :
These were empanell'd all, and being sworne
A just and perfect verdict to returne,

A Malefactour then receiv'd command,
 Before the Barre to elevate his hand ;
Mercurius Britanicus by name,
 Was hee, who first was call'd to play his game :
 Then *Edmund Spenser* Clarke of the Affise,
 Read the Endicment loud, which did comprise
 Matters of scandall, and contempt extreme,
 Done 'gainst the Dignitie, and Diademe
 Of great *Apollo*, and that legall course,
 Which throughout all *Parnassus* was in force.
 For use of Mercury hee was accuf'd,
 Which weeklye hee into his inke inful'd,
 Thereby to murther, and destroy the fame
 Of many, with strange obloquie, and shame.
 Hee likewise was accuf'd, to have purloin'd
 Some drachmes of wit, with a felonious mind,
 From *Helicon*, which hee in Satyrs mixt,
 To make some laugh, and others deeplye vext.
 Unto his charge they likewise did object,
 That when hee saw his lines could not effect
 His ends, and aymes, which were his foe to kill,
 Or else to make him throw away his quill ;
 That then hee fought by magick Arts to call
Archilochus his ghost from *Pluto's* hall,

To

To teach him how such language to indite,
 As might make some even hang themselves for spite.
 This was his charge in brief ; (which being read)
 To his indictment he was call'd to plead :
 Not guilty, he replies, and did submit
 Himselue to the integrity and wit
 Of twelve sufficient Poets, but entreated,
 To heare the Jurours names againe repeated :
 (Which done) hee on exceptions did insist,
 Afferted against divers of the list.
 On confident *George Withers* first hee fix'd,
 As one unfit with others to bee mix'd
 In his arraignment, for he did protest,
 That *Withers* was a cruell Satyrist ;
 And guilty of the same offence and crime,
 Whereof hee was accused at this time :
 Therefore for him hee thought it fitter farre,
 To stand as a Delinquent at the barre,
 Then to bee now empanell'd in a Jury.
George Withers then, with a Poetick fury,
 Began to bluster, but *Apollo's* frowne
 Made him forbeare, and lay his choler downe.
 But *Phœbus*, thus *Britanicus* corrects,
 Our Majesty (said hee) which still protects

C

The

The innocent, but doth offendours scourge,
 Ingag'd is honest *Withers* for to purge
 From this offence : for his impartiall pen
 Did rather grosse abuses taxe, then men :
 Or that hee did transgrefse, let us admit ;
 Since long agoe, hee smarted for his wit.
 Nor was *Britanicus* with this abash'd,
 For with his cavils hee sought to have dash'd
 Two other able Jurours, and these were
 Deserving *Sands* and gentle *Sylvester* :
 To thesee opprobious language hee affords,
 And them Translators call'd, and men of words,
 No Poets, but meer Rhymers, for (said hee)
 Invention is the soule of poesie,
 And who can say, that such a soule as this,
 Is to bee found in their abilities ?
 For thesee are bondmen to anotheres stile,
 And when they have bestow'd much time, and toile,
 They doe but what, before, was better done ;
 For Poemes lose by their translation,
 And are deprived of that lustre brave,
 Which their originalls are wont to have :
 Yea all the workes of thesee Translators vaine,
 Are rather labour of the hand, then braine :

Their

Their asinine endeavours have effected,
 That nobler tongues and arts are now neglected ;
 While they in vulgar language represent
 Those notions which from vulgar wits dissent :
 This knot of Knaves the Common-wealth afflicts
 Of your *Parnassus* with their jugling tricks ;
 For Rubies which in gold at first were set,
 They into copper put, whereby they cheat
 The simpler sort, that want a piercing eye,
 The difference of metals to descry.
 Thus spake *Britanicus* : while many smil'd ;
 But *Sands* look'd pale, and *Sylveſter* wax'd wild
 For anger and disdaine ; *Apollo* then
 Thus interpos'd, to vindicate these men,
Britanicus (said hee) we have too long
 The language heard of thy traducing tongue,
 But *Sylvesters*, and *Sands* his worth is such,
 That thy reproach cannot their honour touch :
 Since Kings for Majesty, and arts renown'd,
 Have with receptions kind, their labours crown'd.
 Besides, wee are inclin'd by ſome respects,
 Challeng'd from us, by the infirmer ſex,
 These writers of *Parnassus* to ſupport,
 To please the fancy of that female ſort,

C 2

Whom

Whom want of these translations might spurre on,
 For to acquire, and get more tongues then one :
 Which if they should accomplish, men might rue
 Those mischieves which would thereupon ensue.
 But if nor *Sands*, nor *Sylvester* can merit,
 The titles of true Poets to inherit,
 For what they have perform'd, yet wee relie
 So much upon their truth, and loyaltie,
 That wee cause them to passe upon thy tryall,
 In spite of thy exception or denyall.
 Thus spake *Apollo* : then the Pris'ner was
 Injoyn'd to stand aside, and in his place
 Did *Aulicus* succeed, who by command,
 In humble fort uprear'd his guilty hand :
 Full sadly his indictment he attends,
 Which him impeach'd, that hee for wicked ends
 Had the *Castalian Spring* defil'd with gall ;
 And chang'd by witchcraft, most Satyricall,
 The bayes of *Helicon*, and myrtles mild,
 To pricking hauthornes, and to hollyes wild.
 Hee was accus'd, that he with flanders false,
 With forged fictions, calumnies and tales,
 Had fought the *Spartane Ephori* to shame,
 And added fewell to the direfull flame

Of

Of civill discord, and domesticke blowes,
 By the incentives of malicious prose.
 For whereas, hee should have compos'd his inke
 Of liquours, that make flames expire, and shrinke
 Into their cinders, it was there objected,
 That hee had his of burning oil confected,
 Of Naphtha, Gunpowder, Pitch, and Saltpeter,
 Which those combustions raised, and made greater.
 Hee was accus'd to have unjustly stung
 The sage *Amphylyons* with his venom'd tongue ;
 And that he like the fierce Albanian curre,
 Did stubbornly choose rather to demurre,
 And bee dismembred by anothers wit,
 Then loose his teeth from those, whom first hee bit.
 Hee was accus'd, that he had us'd his skill,
Parnassus with strange heresies to fill,
 And that he labour'd had for to bring in,
 Th' exploded doctrines of the *Florentine*,
 And taught that to difsemble and to lie,
 Where vitall parts of humane policie :
 Of his endictment this was the full sence :
 To which the Pris'ner pleades his innocence,
 And puts himselfe upon a legall tryall,
 But he withall exhibites a denyall

Against a Jurour, for his suit it was,
 That *May* on his arraignment might not passe :
 For though a Poet hee must him confesse,
 Because his writings did attest no lesse ;
 Yet hee desir'd hee might be set aside,
 Because hee durst not in his truth confide :
 Of *May* among twelve moneths he well approv'd,
 But *May* among Twelve men hee never lov'd :
 For hee beleev'd that out of private spite
 Hee would his conscience straine, t' undoe him quite.
 Hee likewise of offences him accus'd,
 Whereby his King *Apollo* was abus'd :
 And with malicious arguments attempts
 To prove him guilty of sublime contempts,
 But chiefly he indeavour'd to conclude,
 That hee was guilty of ingratitude :
 Which crime *Parnassus* Lawes doe so oppose,
 As in that State, it for high Treason goes.

Then *May* stopt forth, and first implor'd the grace
 And leave of *Phæbus* to maintaine his case :
 Then to the *Learned Cunfistory* fues,
 That they would him or censure, or excuse :
 Then calls the Gods, and all whom they protect,
 The Starres, and all on whom they doe reflect,

The

The Elements, and what's compos'd of these,
Him to acquit from all disloyalties.

If by just proofes (said hee) thou canst evince,
That I have beene ungratefull to my Prince,
Then let mee from these groves bee now exil'd
To Scythian snowes, or into deserts wild ;
Yea, I invoke the Gods that I may feele
The Gyants valour, or *Ixions* wheele,
If it bee found I have transgressed thus,
As 'tis inform'd by lying *Aulicus*.

Apollo then darts forth an awfull ray
From his impiercing eye, which silenc'd *May*.
So *Kings* (if they bee just) may rule like Gods,
And be obserued by their lookes, and nods.

Hee *Aulicus* rebuk'd, because hee knew
His accusation from meere malice grew :
And him advis'd in peace to stand aside,
If hee desir'd with favour to be try'd.

The *Cryer* then did summon to the Bar,
The *Penman* of the *Weekly Calendar*,
Entituled the new *Ephemerides*,
Perfect Diurnalls call them, if you please ;
But their perfection cannot mee invite,
To thinke they merit such an Epethite,

Except

Except truths now for imperfections passe,
And gold in estimation yeelds to braffe.

Of his endictment the whole summe was this,
That hee had wrong'd th' *Athenian Novelists*,
By selling them meere aire, in stead of Sack,
And puffs of wind, for strong Frontigniac :
For empty bottles hee was wont to mixe
Among full flasques, and with these cheating trickes
Deceiv'd thos Merchants, who were not so wise
To know the full from empty by the poise.
A fourth Delinquent then was called out,
A *Second Proteus* or the learned *Scout* :
This wife *Chamæleon* was wont to weare
That hue, which was propounded by his feare :
The summe of his indictment this contain'd ;
That whereas hee had from *Apollo* gain'd
A *Patent* to report true newes abroad,
Without dissimulation, guile, or fraud,
Yet hee adulterated had his ware
With manifold impertinences rare
Yea from his center fswary'd, and gone astray
Into some matters farre beyond his way :
And that hee with eight *Pages undiscreet*,
Had tosf'd and tax'd high actions in a sheet :

That

That he prognosticks had presum'd to reare,
 On starres above his quadrant, and his spheare :
 And that he had presum'd likewise to mixe
 With his Avisoës sweet, foure politicks,
 Dispersing weekly maximes of State,
 As if he chiefly at the helme had fate :
 And that he had oft in ambiguous fashions,
 Appear'd as one transform'd in his relations,
 That it was very difficult to find,
 Whether he were a bird, or beast by kind :
 He was accus'd, that he with censures bold,
 The actions of his betters had controld,
 And that he with his mercenary hand,
 Had touch'd affaires of weight not to be scann'd
 By such as hee : thus was the *Scout* indited,
 But when he was unto his answere cited,
 Hee pleads himselfe to be an Innocent,
 And humbly crav'd the *Bench* for to consent
 To his impunity, and to dispence
 VVith errours, that arise from indigence :
 He further added ; since his fate it was
 To be referr'd for tryall of his case
 Unto twelve mouthes ; he crav'd they would admit
 Twelve noses too ; him to condemne, or quit,

D

That

That no defect might be of any fence,
 To smell, or to find out his innocence.
Apollo then retorts an irefull glance,
 And dash'd the Pris'ner out of countenance :
 He told him now 't was time to lay aside
 Impertinent discourse, he should be tryd
 By twelve, who were sufficient Men, and fit
 Both for integrity, and pregnant wit :
 And as for him, whose Vote he did reject,
 Upon a cavill against some defect :
 Hee him assur'd that all the world might know,
 His art was high, although his nose was low :
 But *Madagascar* chiefly did expres
 His raptures brave, and laur'ate worthiness.
 The *Scout* commanded was then to stand by :
 And *Civicus* held up his hand on high :
 Good civill *Civicus*, who to his booke
 Emblemes affix'd, of what he undertooke,
 For silly rimes appear'd in the first place,
 To which was added some Commanders face,
 That in resemblance, did no more comply
 With him, whom it was said to signifie,
 Then doe some storyes which his books containe,
 Resemble truths : But his offences vaine,

In

In his endictment were declar'd at large,
 And this was the full purport of his charge ;
 He was accus'd that he through science bad,
 Or Magick, or Magnetick figures, had
 Prefixed to his books ; which did enchant
 The fancies of the weak, and ignorant,
 And caus'd them to bestow more time, and coine,
 On such fond Pamphlets, then on books divine :
 It was affirm'd, that he was wont to scatter,
 Upon his single sheet, more words, then matter,
 And that he had with transmarine narrations,
 Recruited his domesticall relations, (course
 And from the *Danes* and *Swedes* fetch'd cold dif-
 To cloy the stomacks of his Auditours ;
 And with such stiffe his latter pages patch'd,
 That they *Brittanicus* his doctrines match'd,
 Who doubts, and satisfactions wont t'invent,
 That gave nor satisfaction nor content.
 VVhile *Civicus* did thus his tryall heare ;
 One comes, and whispers *Phœbus* in the eare,
 And him advertis'd, that a secret friend
 Of *Civicus*, did to his *Highness* send,
 A present of some Sack, and sugar loaves,
 And that therewith, the Giver humbly moves,

D 2

That

That the poore Pris'ner might receive such grace,
As might be justly found in such a case.

Apollo then, in choler and disdain,
Did thus break out in termes. VVhat madnes vain,
Or impudence (said He) in humane race (face
Remains ? That they should think with bribes t'ef-
Our resolutions just, and us divert
From judgement by the law, and by desert ;
Then he the *Gaoler* call'd for (*Honest Ben*)
The Keeper fat, of the *Trophonian Den* :
Him he commands to seize upon (in haft)
The bringer of the bribe, and keep him fast ;
And since the *Tubbe* of which he told the tale,
By splitting, had deceiv'd him of his ale ;
And since his *New-Inne* too had got a crack,
He bids him take the Sugar loves, and Sack,
To make his lov'd *Magnatick Lady* glad,
That still (for want of an applause) was fad.

Then *Civicus* unto his charge did plead
Not guilty, and was bidden to recede.

Then with a look like to his style submisse,
Stood forth. the *Writer* of *Occurrences* :
He was accused to have injur'd *Fame*,
And to have disguis'd falsehood by the name

Of

Of *Truth*, and with a goodly *Frontispeice*,
 To have procur'd his booke's esteeme, and price :
 Which were compar'd unto a painted Inne,
 That had nor good wine, nor good cheare within.
 He was accus'd, that like a subtile theife,
 He had his readers rob'd of their beleife,
 And of their wit, and judgment them bereav'd,
 That willingly, were with his lies deceiv'd :
 But if some truths (by chance) he utter'd had,
 These were in such a tedious language clad,
 That many actors of renowned jests,
 Depriv'd were of their honor'd interests,
 By his inglorious penne, and also those
 Who did affect true elegance in prose,
 Did from his rustick phrase conceive more hate,
 Then pleasure from those things he did relate.
 It likewise was deliver'd in his charge,
 That he had tortur'd, with his letters large,
 Ingenious eares, which to plebeian hands
 He captives made, in auscultations bands.
 And that mens names, on credit he up tooke,
 All which he listed to fill up his booke,
 And for to make a greater noise, he summes
 Both Trumpets, Sargeants, Corporalls, & drums,

Among the numbers of the slain, or taken,
 Wherby he did great Officers awaken,
 That slep't in honours bed, who did complaine,
 To see themselves mixt with that vulgar train

The Pris'ners plea to this indictment was
 Flat negative, for in the plainest case,
 Al Malefactors hate confession free ;
 Confesse and hang is still their maximè.
 The Pris'ner also crav'd, he might be heard,
 While he against a jury-man preferr'd
 A just exception, his request was granted,
 And fraught with malice, though much wit he
 He gentle Mr. *Cary* did refuse, (wanted,
 Who pleas'd faire Ladies with his courtly muse :
 He said, that he by his luxurious penne,
 Deserv'd had better the *Trophonian Denne*,
 Then many now which stood to be arraign'd,
 For he the *Thespian Fountaine* had distain'd,
 With foule conceits, and made their waters bright,
 Impure, like those of the *Hermophrodite*,
 He said, that he in verse, more loose had bin,
 Then old *Chærephanes*, or *Aretine*,
 In obſcène portraitures : and that this fellow
 In *Helicon* had reard the firſt *Burdello*,

That

That he had chang'd the chaste *Castalian spring*,
 Into a *Carian Well*, whose waters bring
 Effeminate desires, and thoughts uncleane,
 To minds that earst were pure, and most serene,
 Thus spake the pris'ner, when a furious glance,
 Was darted from *Apollos* countenance,
 Which strook him dumb : then *Scaliger the wise*
 Was call'd, to whom *Apollo* thus aplies
 His Speech. *Grave Censour* of our learned Hill
 Whom your owne merit, and our royll will
 Hath supervisour made of Arts, and Muses,
 I wonder at the noise of these abuses,
 For I conceive not yet, that these effects,
 Should be th'unhappy fruites of your neglects,
 So well you'ave purg'd the *errours of the Times*,
 That I think not you could permit such crimes,
 Our manners to corrupt, fince that our springs
 Ought to be kept as pure as beds of Kings :
 For he that vice, with science doth commixe,
 Turnes noble *Hippocren'* to ugly *Styx*,
 In marriage bonds hoth Heaven and Hell combine
 Yet Art may Heaven and earth together joyne :
 Thus spake *Apollo*, then learn'd *Scaliger*
 Shap'd the replye : I have (my Soveraigne deare)
 With

With care intended what concerns my place,
 So to conserve your springs from mixtures base,
 Yet all my care, and labour is but vaine,
 Except *Jove* will consent t'undoe againe
 His worke of *Humane nature*, and the same
 Of such pure stiffe, and perfect temper frame,
 As it of no corruption may admit :
 For I have try'd my industry and wit,
 Both Arts, and Authours to refine, and mend,
 As well as times, yet can I not defend,
 But some luxuriant witt, will often vent
 Lascivious Poëms, against my consent :
 Of which offence, if *Cary* guilty be,
 Yet may some chaster Songs him render free
 From censure sharp, and expiate those crimes
 Which are not fully his, but rather Times :
 But let your Grace vouchsafe, that he may try
 How he can make his own Apology :
Apollo then gave *Cary* leave to speake,
 Who thus in modest fort, did silence breake.

In wifdomes nonage, and unriper yeares,
 Some lines slipt from my penne, which since with
 I labour'd to expunge : This Song of mine (teares
 Was not infused by the Virgins nine,

Nor

Nor through my dreames divine upon this Hill,
 Did this vain *Rapture* issue from my quill,
 No Thespian waters, but a Paphian fire,
 Did me with this foule extasie inspire :
 I oft have wish'd, that I (like *Saturne*) might
 This Infant of my folly smother quite,
 Or that I could retract, what I had done,
 Into the bosome of Oblivion.

Thus *Cary* did conclude : for prest by grieve,
 Hee was compell'd to be concise, and briefe :
Phæbus at his contrition did relent,
 And Edicts so on through all *Parnassus* sent,
 That none should dare to attribute the shame
 Of that fond *rapture*, unto *Caryes* name,
 But Order'd that the infamy should light
 On those, who did the same read, or recite.
 Hee further-more the Pris'ner did injoyne,
 Against him all exceptions to decline,
 And to a legall tryall for to stand,
 If Hee expected favour at his hand.

The innocent *Scotch Dove* did then advance,
 Full sober in his wit, and countenance,
 And though his books contain'd not mickle fence,
 Yet his endictment shew'd no great offence ;

Great Wits, to perills great themselves exposē
 Oft'times ; but the *Scotch Dove* was none of thōse :
 In many words he little matter dreſt,
 And did Laconick brevity detest,
 Perspicuous phrase he lov'd, could not endure
 To be in ſtile, or in his life obscure,
 But while his Readers did expect ſome newes,
 They found a Sermon, thus did he abuſe
 Good people, that he rather might have took
 A Lapwing, then a Dove to trimme a book :

This was his charge : and being call'd to plead,
 Hee cryes not guilty, and petitioned
 He might be heard to vindicate his worth
 From scandall, and reproach, on him caſt forth
 By *Aulicus*, that scoffing *Hipponax*,
 Who with lewd crimes, did him unjustly tax ;
 His fute was granted, then did he complaine
 That *Aulicus*, his title did disdaine,
 And ſpitefully in ſtead of *Scottiſh Pigeon*,
 Had him the nick-name given of *Scottiſh Wigion*
 And that he had moſt falſly him accus'd,
 Prestigious Arts, and Magick to have uſ'd,
 Whereby Mens ſenſes were with erroress strook,
 That firebrands, they for *Olive branches* took.

Thus

Thus spake the *Dove*: *Apollo* then reply'd,
 Wee might condemne your arrogance, and pride,
 'Cause you the name of *Venus* birds have chose,
 When *Scotland* hath (you know) no birds like those,
 Though it abounds with fowle of various kinds ;
 But errors small provoke not heavenly minds,
 I doubt not, but that *Aulicus* his tongue
 Hath injur'd you, but were this all the wrong
 Which it hath done, He might our censure scape,
 And passe, not for a Serpent, but an Ape.
 Thus *Phæbus* spake ; And then the *Scottish Dove*
 Rejoyn'd, as zeale and choler did him move ;

I challenge to the duell of the pen
 False *Aulicus*, that Cynick among men,
 That enemy of Truth, true honours scourge,
 That Officine of lyes, and flanders forge,
 Oh let your Grace vouchsafe to turne me loose,
 A *Scottish Dove*, against the *Romish Goose*.
Apollo then reflects a frowning eye,
 Commands him to desist, and to stand by.

The *Cryer* then did the swift *Post* command,
 At his indictment to hold up his hand :
 He was accus'd of these enormities,
 First that with Encheridions of lyes,

He had disturb'd the learned Common-weale,
 And also in felonious sort did steale
 From *Euphues*, and *Arcadia*, language gay
 Therein his vain relations to array,
 Because he knew that lyēs in fine attires,
 Preferr'd are before truths, by many buyers :
 Such was his style, such tales did he endite,
 That he no newes, but *Romants* seem'd to write ;
 It also strongly was against him urg'd,
 That he some Packets had contriv'd, and forg'd,
 Which letters did of false reports containe,
 And this was merely done for thirst of gaine :
 This was his charge ; and because he divin'd
 That free confession might some favour find,
 Hee guilty pleads, and then was set aside.
 Another then was call'd forth to be try'd :
 And this was he, who weekly did dispence
 A miscellany of intelligence :
 Of his endictment, the effect was this,
 That he had with his weekly rapsodyes,
 The Asses of *Parnassus* fore annoy'd,
 Whom he had fed with many rumours voyd,
 And vapours vain. Thus like Chamelions they
 Took smoke in stead of provender and hay,

And

And therby grew in fence so leane, and lame :
 That quite unfit for service they became ;
 It was alleadg'd, that he for lucres fake,
 Did false intelligence devise, and make,
 And car'd not who he gul'd, or did beguile,
 Soe he might reap therby some profit vile.

These were the crimes, wherof he was accus'd
 To which he pleads not guilty, but refus'd
 By Histriomicke Poëts to be try'd,
 'Gainst whom, he thus maliciously enveigh'd

Justice (sayd he) and no sinister fury,
 Diswades me from a tryall by a jury,
 That of worse misdemeanours guilty bee,
 Then thosse which are objected against mee :
 These mercinary pen-men of the Stage,
 That foster the grand vifes of this age,
 Should in this Common-wealth no office beare,
 But rather stand with vs Delinquents here :
Shakespear's a Mimicke, *Masinger* a Sot,
 Heywood for *Aganippe* takes a plot :
Beaumont and *Fletcher* make one poët, they
 Single, dare not adventure on a Play.
 These things are all but th'errorr of the Muses,
 Abortive witts, foul fountains of abusess :

Reptiles, which are equivocally bred,
 Under some hedge, not in that geniall bed
 Where lovely art with a brave wit conjoyn'd,
 Engenders Poëts of the noblest kind.

Plato refus'd such creatures to admit
 Into his Common-wealth, and is it fit
Parnassus should the exiles entertaine
 Of *Plato*? therefore (my dread Soveraigne)
 I crave your Pardon, while I thus presume
 To supplicate your Highnes, to resume
 Your wonted Justice, that this sacred Hill,
 No more may suffer by such members ill;

Thus spake the Pris'ner: then among the crowd,
Plautus, and *Terence* 'gan to mutter loud,
 And old *Menander* was but ill apayd,
 While *Aristophanes* his wrath bewray'd, (ly,
 With words opprobr'ous; for it gall'd him shrewdly
 To see dramatick Poëts tax'd so lewdly:
 And while 'mongst these, the murmure did encrease,
 The Cryer warn'd them all to hold their peace.

The Court was silent, then *Apollo* spake:
 If thou (said He) chiefly for vertues sake,
 Or true affection to the Common-weale,
 Didst our Dramatick Poëts thus appeale,

VVe

VVe should to thy exception give consent,
 But since we are assur'd, 'tis thy intent,
 By this refusall, onely to deferre
 That censure, which our justice must conferre
 Upon thy merits ; we must needs decline
 From approbation of these pleas of thine,
 And are resolv'd that at this time, and place,
 They shall as Jurours, on thy tryall passe,
 But if our *Censour*, shall hereafter find,
 They have deserved ill, we have design'd
 That they likewise shall be to judgement brought,
 To suffer for thos crimes, which they have wrought,
 Thus spake the Soveraign of the two-topp'd Mount,
 Another then was call'd to an account,
 And this was he, who weekly did pretend,
Accounts of certain news abroad to send.
 He was accus'd, that he with Pamphlets vain,
 The art of lying had sought to maintain,
 VVhich trade, he and his fellows us'd of late,
 VVith such successe, and profit in the State
 Of high *Parnassus*, that they did conspire,
 A *Patent* from *Apollo* to acquire :
 That they might thus incorporated bee,
 Into a *Company* of *Lyers free*.

This

This was his charge : while he no whit relents,
But stood to justifie his innocence.

The *Pen-man* of the *Perfect Passages*
Then to his tryall did himselfe addresse,
He was accus'd, that he for love of gain,
Had injur'd Truth, with many stories vain,
And that Hee with his mercenary quill,
Dishonour'd had *Apollo's Noble Hill*.

That Hee, and his associates had attempted
In a felonious manner, to have empty'd
The Fountaines of the Muses, to fulfill
That appetite which rose from *Livers ill*.

To this indictment he gave a denyall,
And yeelds himselfe submissively to his tryall.
The subtile *Spye* then to the barre drew nere,
And with dejected lookes, his hand did reare :
But he in his indictment was accus'd,
Old Galilæos glasses to have us'd,
Which represented objects to his eye,
Beyond their measure, and just symmetrie,
VVhereby the faults of many did appeare,
More and farre greater, then indeed they were :
And that he at a distance did recount,
(Like *Lynceus* from the Lilybean mount)

Numbers

Numbers of shippes and men, though he indeed
 So blind was, that he did a leader need.
 He was accus'd that (like *Aglaures*) hee
 Forbidden objects had presum'd to see,
 And therefore merited in law, and fence,
 His eares to forfeit, for his eyes offence.

Thus his Indictment rann : It he denies,
 And for a tryall, on twelve men relies ;
 But this despitefull *Spye* a cavill rais'd
 'Gainst *Michael Drayton*, whom he much disprais'd
 For that great *Poly-Olbion* which he writ,
 This he tearm'd a rude Embrion of wit,
 Apeice of low esteeme, together layd
 Without propicious *Pallas*, or the ayde
 Of the nine Muses, who did much disdaine
 The homely features of his *Naiad's* vaine.

Thus spake the *Spye*, and still would have pro-
 If that *Apollo* had not him impeded. (ceeded

I thinke through th'insolence of these (said hee)
 And our remissnesse : we this Barr shall see
 Become a stage of the *Old Comedye*,

How boldly hath this proud traduceing *Spye*,
 And his *Comrades*, our honest Poëts checkt,
 Who from the best have ever found respect :

F

Nor

Nor can smooth *Drayton* scape their censures sharp
 But at his workes this busy *Spye* must carp :
Drayton, whose Sonnets sweet of *Love herioicke*
 May melt th'*Effean*, or the *rigid Stoicke*
 To amorous *Leanders*, and them move
 Through Seas of teares, to swim to her they love.
 This *Swanne* of ours, that impure *Zoylus* blots
 With scandalls foule, but as the *Ermines* spotts
 Adde price and estimation to his Furre,
 Soe the reproofes of this invective curre
 Give light, and lustre unto *Draytons* worth,
 And with advantage set his merit forth :
Drayton, who doth, in such magnificke sort
 Delineate Valour in his *Agincourte*,
 That this illistr'ous poëme, doth inspire
 Even courages of ice, with warlike fire.
 His *Tragick Legends* are with force endu'd,
 To soften Scythians, and Tartars rude,
 Yea with pathetick Fancies to enchant
 Obdurate mindes : and hearts of Adamant ;
 His vertue's so sublime, that even as sooon,
 The *Savage Negro*'s darts may peirce the Moone,
 As the invectives of this froward *Spye*,
 A drachme of worth, take from his merit high.

Thus

Thus spake *Apollo* : while old *Drayton* smil'd
To see him curb'd that had him thus revil'd.

Now when the *Jurours* had distinctly heard
Each Bill, that was against these men preferr'd,
They then commanded were for to recede,
Vntill they on their Verdicts had agreed,
Soe positive the testimonies were ;
The evidence s'authentique, and soe cleare,
That they requir'd no man of lawes advice,
For to decide some points, or matters nice,
After some time in consultation spent,
Their verdicts to the Court they did present,
George Withers for their Foreman they had chofe
Who confident was, both in verfe and prose ;
He not did like a Custard, quake and quiver,
When he his verdict came for to deliver :
And first, of him it was enquired, whether
They in their verdict had agreed together :
He answer'd yes : and then he was commanded
The prisoner to behold : then thy demanded
If that *Britannicus* to them appear'd
Or fit to be condemn'd, or to be clear'd :
The Foreman guilty cryes, then they enquire,
What he can for himselfe speake, or desire,

VVhereby he might evade that sentence just,
 VVhich instantly proceed against him must.
 He crav'd his book, but that was him deny'd ;
 It was his book (they said) which him destroyd.
 Nor was this Pris'ner onely guilty found,
 For all his consorts heard the self-same found.

Apollo then after a conflict high,
 Between his justice, and his clemency,
 Not without ebullition of some teares,
 Thus sentence gave upon the Prisoners.
Britanicus condemn'd was to be led,
 To that place where the *Porcupines* were fed,
 VVhere to a post fast bound, he must remaine,
 Till with their quils, they had him shot and slaine.

But *Aulicus*, *Apollo* did condemne,
 To be transported to the *fatall Denne*
 VVhich kept those *Vipers*, from all parts collected,
 Of which *Parnassus Treacle* was confected.

For when *Apollo* did long since descry,
 That Fortune, and the VVorld did much envy
 The learned crew, and them to *Limbo* sent,
 Oft through the poison of deep discontent
 Hee through his skill in physick did devise
 This Antidote against all maladies ;

And

And for this end he did those vipers cherrish,
Among which now, poore *Aulicus* must perish :

But the fly *Scout*, a gentler censure found,
(*Apollo* with such mildnes did abound)
For he was destin'd to this punishment ;
He to the *Vale of Hybla* must be sent,
There to protect the hives of *Thrifty Bees*,
From the Invasions and the Larcenies,
Of *Wasps* and *Hornets* ; but t'was ordered too
That he starke naked, must this service doe,
And he these *Robbers* only must affaile,
With the long feather of a Capons taile,

The wife *Intelligencer* then did heare
His sentence, which seem'd somewhat too severe :
For he condemn'd was to a *Scullions place*,
Within the Kitchen of *Appollos grace* ;
Where he was forc'd his papers to expend,
Piggs, Pyes, and Geese, from burning to defend.

But *Civicus* was sentenc'd to be gone,
Both from *Parnassus* and from *Helicon*,
And to the Fennes of *Lerna* was confin'd
Where a poore cottage was to him assigrn'd ;
There he a fory lively-hood must make,
By angling Froggs out of a stinking Lake.

The writer also of *Diurnalls* was
 Condemned to a farre remoter place,
 For he was banish'd to an uncouth land,
 Where only *Apes* inhabit and command :
 And there he was enjoin'd to instruct these,
 In Musicke, and in divers languages ;
 Yet had he no more languages then tongues,
 No other musicke then the Cuckoos songs.
 But he who did the *Occurrancie* compile,
 Was nor confin'd, nor forc'd to chang his foyle,
 But by *Apollo's* mercy sentenc'd was,
 To serve with paper all the *Cloaca's*,
 That did unto *Parnassus* appertaine,
 And if hereafter any should complaine,
 He wanted this for necessary use,
 Then without bayle and maineprise, or excuse,
 He must be carri'd to that prison sad,
Bocardo call'd, whence no releasments had.

The writer of the *True Accounts* then heares
 His greviouus censure, with unwilling eares :
 He was condem'd unto the *Stygian Galle*y,
 Where he was forc'd upon a wooden talley
 To keep a true account of all those Ghosts
 That daily ferry'd to the further Coasts :

And

And for his hire, each night receive hee must
 Three fillips on the nose, with a browne crust,
 Of mouldy bread : and hee for seven yeares space
 Was judg'd to bee a bond slave in that place.
 The *Post* receiv'd (as it to some may seeme)

A sentence no way rigid, or extreme,
 For hee was not exil'd, nor forc'd to change
 His calling, for a place of basenes strange :
 Nor was the gallant off-pring of his wit,
 Condemned to the Oven, or to the Spitt.
 It was decreed he should be still permitted
 For to ride poste, but must be ever fitted
 With stumbling Jades of such decrepitate age,
 That they would tire, in riding halfe a stage.

Appollo then this judgement did exprefse,
 'Gainst th' Author of the *Perfect Passages* ;
 Hee was confin'd unto a *gloomy Cave* :
 Which nor to Sunne, nor Moone admission gave
 Here by the glow-wormes blaze, and glimmering
 Of rottenwood, he was inioyn'd to write (light
 The Leaguers, Fights, Advances, and Retreates,
 Assaults, Surprisfalls, and all martiall feates,
 Which in that long, and bloody warre were shew'd
 Wherein fly *Weafills, noysome Ratts* subdu'd

The

The *Spye* then hears his censure, which containes
A lesser weight of infamy, then paines.

For whereas *Phæbus* had receiv'd of late
Petitions meeke, from the *Pigmean State*,
Which shew'd how the stern *Cranes* with irefull teen
Opprest had these *Epitomes of men*,
And with their stratagems, and warlike sleights
Reduc'd that Nation to deplored streights :
For they, arm'd with black bills, in combate fierce,
Had foil'd those foote and halfe-foote Cavaliers :
And with their watchfull *Camisades* likewise
Did them by night so frequently surprize,
That they were forc'd to crave *Appollos* aide,
Approching death, and ruine to evade,
Who pitties their estate, and to comply
With their desires, appoints the cunning *Spye*
To post away to the *Pigmæan Land* ;
To be assistant with his helping hand ;
And to discover with his peircing eyes,
The *Cranes* deepe plotts, and hidden subtillties :
Apollo likewise did injoine the *Spye*,
To visit *Caucasus* as he pass'd by,
Cloud-topping Caucasus, where *Eagles* strong
Their airyes have, the horrid Clifffes among :

With

With these fierce Birdes, him hee commands to
 About the levyes of some Forces great ; (treat,
 Against th' insulting *Cranes* to bee employ'd,
 Which the *Pigmæans* poore had so annoy'd.

In lieu of other punishment, the *Spye*
 Was bound to undertake this Embassye :
 And did applaud *Apollos* mercy strange,
 That did his censure to an honour change.

The *Scottiſh Dove* then heard this sentence faire :
 Hee to his native countrey must repaire,
 And was on paine of death prohibited,
 To crosse the Seas, or to repasse the the *Twede*,
 But while his guilty fellowes did envye
 His easy Mulct, and gentle penaltye ;
 Hee cry'd his sentence was severe, and hard,
 And might with most of theirs, bee well compar'd,
 For if they knew the Horne as well as hee,
 They'd rather dye, then there imprison'd bee.

When judgement was on all the Pris'ners paſt,
Appollo to dissolve the Court did haſt ;
 But *Aulicus* in most ſubmiffive wife,
 For Mitigation of his censure cryes :

G

So

(44)

So did *Britanicus*. *Phœbus* relents,
And takes the edge off from their punishments,
They were repriv'd. Then all the Court commen-
Appollo's mercy : Thus th' *Affizes* ended. (ded

Printed and Published according to
Order.

FINIS.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

For the Fourth Year 1870-1.

Issue

- 8. A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others.
Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
- 9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
- 10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part II.*

For the Fifth Year 1871-2.

- 11. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
- 12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Sixth Year 1872-3.

- 13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
- 14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

For the Seventh Year 1873-4.

- 15. Fловvers of Epigrammes, ovt of sundrie authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.
- 16. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*

For the Eighth Year 1874-5.

- 17. Belvedére; or, The Garden of the Muses. By John Bodenham. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1600.
- 18. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*

For the Ninth Year 1875-6.

- 19. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*
- 20. The Worthines of Wales. By Thomas Churchyard. Reprinted from the original edition of 1587.

For the Tenth Year 1876-7.

- 21. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*
- 22. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

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23. *Thule, or Vertues Historie.* By Francis Rous. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1598.
24. *Miscellaneous Works of George Wither.* Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Sixth Collection.*
25. *Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630.* Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

For the Twelfth Year 1878-9.

26. *Haleviah or Britans Second Remembrancer* (1641.) By George Wither. *Part I.*
27. *Haleviah or Britans Second Remembrancer.* *Parts II. and III.*

For the Thirteenth Year 1879-80.

28. *Britain's Remembrancer.* By George Wither. *Part I.*
29. *Britain's Remembrancer.* *Part II.*

For the Fourteenth Year 1880-1.

30. *The Hymnes and Songs of the Church.* By George Wither.
31. *The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse.* By George Wither. *Part I.*

For the Fifteenth Year 1881-2.

32. *The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse.* By George Wither. *Part II.*
33. *Paralellogrammaton.* By George Wither.
34. *Exercises vpon the First Psalme.* By George Wither.

For the Sixteenth Year, 1882-3.

35. *A Fig for Fortune.* By Anthonie Copley.
36. *Respublica Anglicana or the Historie of the Parliament.* By George Wither.
37. *A Preparation to the Psalter.* By George Wither.

For the Seventeenth Year, 1883-4.

38. *The Mirrour of Good Maners.* By Alexander Barclay.
39. *Certayne Egloges.* By Alexander Barclay.
40. *The Great Assises Holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessovrs.*
41. *Vaticinium Votivum; or, Palæmon's Prophetick Prayer.*

Publications of the Spenser Society.

Issue No. 41.

Vaticinium Votivum :

OR,

P A L A E M O N ' S

PROPHETICK PRAYER.

WITH SEVERAL

E L E G I E S.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1885.

The Spenser Society.

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LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

For the First Year 1867-8.

Issue 1. The Proverbs and Epigrams of John Heywood. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1562.
2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio Edition of 1630. *Part I.*

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3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part II.*
4. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part III. (Completing the volume.)*
5. Zephéria. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1594.

For the Third Year 1869-70.

6. The ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΟΙΑ or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (circa) 1581.
7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

Vaticinium Votivum:

O R,

P A L A E M O N ' S

PROPHETICK PRAYER.

WITH SEVERAL

E L E G I E S.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1885.



PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

Vaticinium Votivum :
O R,
P A L Æ M O N'S
Prophetick P R A Y E R.
Lately presented Privately
To His now M A J E S T I E
In a Latin Poëm ; and here Pub-
lished in English.
To which is annexed a Paraphrase on
Paulus Grebnerus's Prophecie.

With feveral
E L E G I E S
O N
CHARLS the FIRST.
The Lord *Capel.*
The Lord *Francis Villiers.*

T R A J E C T I .
Anno CAROLI MARTYRIS primo.

E P I G R A M M A .

REGUM Progenies, *cujus Diademate nascens*
Fulgit apex triplici, quem Tria Sceptra colunt :
Quem tria Sceptra colunt Te fors tamen invidet illis ;
Arcetque à Patrio Gens male-fida Sinu.
Macle animis, sic fata jubent quæ stamina Magni
Imperii, occultâ sed ratione, trahunt.
Extorri sic Dulichio sua Regna videre,
Non nisi post longas illa dedere vices :
Ac variis debet terræque mariisque periclis
Quicquid ei famæ secula longa dabunt.



TO HIS
M A J E S T I E.

G R E A T S I R !



Is the Politick method of Devotion to argue a Hope of receiving a Blessing in the future, from the reception of som former: it beeing an inference of constant validitie in the School of Faith, that while the same potent Cauf remaineth, the like Effect may (nay
A 2 *must*

must) bee expetted. And no other Argument shall PALÆMON contrive, either to convince his Fear of non-admision, or to excuse his Audacitie in this second Address to Your SACRED MAJESTIE, but the grateful commemoration of that truly Heroick Candor and great Honor You were pleased to grace his former withall, in the (ah! too unfortunate) Expedition of the last Summer.

His solitarie Muse did then attend Your Person and Fortune in the discomposed and rude Dres of a Traveller, and spoke none but the common Language of Europe, as that to which Education and Custom had given her the greatest encouragement to pretend; But now since the retirement of YOUR MOST GLORIOUS FATHER into an Abyss of Eternal Beatitude, hath devolvd a greater Lustre of Glorie upon Your Roial Temples, Modestie forbid's her approach, without the previous Qualification of more Ornaments, more Attendents to countenance her and support her train, and more

Lan-

Languages to express her conceptions.

And now in this Equipage, after the applause of som of the most Loial and uncorrupted hearts in YOUR MAJESTIES Dominions, having bin enter-tained by one whose officious Pen hath expressed her thoughts in Your Native Language, shee crave's Admission to kiss Your MAJESTIES hands, and dare's to present her Voice a second time to Your Judicious Hearing: Even as an Echo which by a strange and strong Repercussion after the inter-val of manie moneths, doth now rebound, multi-ped with Mourful Tones from the English Shore, where it first saluted YOUR MAJESTIES Ear, back to the Belgian where it was first breathed out.

The subject of her Song is the subject of the Tears and Sighs of all Hearts, that have not yet quitted all relation to Humanitie, and in this life anticipated the incompassion of Hell. Manie (I confess) of her Accents are Tragical, her Notes heavie and pensive enough to charm Crueltie into an eternal stupor; and yet I should blaspheme

blaspheme the Sympathetick Harmonie of Your Noble Soul, to presume that they cannot sound harsh in the Ears of YOUR MAJESTIE, since they are no more then the united Groans of Your Three exspiring Kingdoms, echoëd through a slender Quill.

But when it shall pleas the Supreme Ruler of this Great-Universal-Harmonie, these mournful Tunes may bee converted into Acclamations of Joie and Triumph. Other Musick then this for the present, no sober ear will covet or admit, until the RESURRECTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, which must bear date from that happie hour, wherein the Appeased Hand of Divine Justice shall laie aside the Rod, take up the Sacred-profaned-Scepter, and fix it in YOUR MAJESTIES fit Hand, For then (and not till then) shall all honest Souls feel a nimble thaw of those oppressive shoals of yce, which have long congealed their Spirits, and intombed their Comforts; and from the vigorous irradiation of MAJESTIE, receiv such active Heats, as will qualifie

*qualifie them for the due Celebration of so great
a JUBILE.*

Felix tunc Zephyro gaudebit Terra perenni :
Nullaque tempestas violabit marmora rugis
Nostra suis.—

So wisheth

G R E A T S I R,

Y O U R M A I E S T I E S

most-Loial,
most-Humble, and
most-Obedient Servant,

P A L A E M O N.



Hæc quæ in Impressione irrepferunt Errata
sic corrigenda.

Page 3 line 4, quæ pro has. P. 5 l. 4 in fine verfus Nomina cum capitali N. l. 5 Vellere cum cap. V. P. 18 l. 16 Fabers pro Fivers. P. 21 l. 2 from pro to. P. 37. l. 2 his Cannibals pro her Cannibals. P. 75 in Glosſa Foedere inter domos, &c. pro Foedere tulit. P. 76 l. 5 indicat pro indicet. P. 78 l. 15 Hic etenim pro Hic & enim. 79 l. 7 manes cum cap. M. In Ode Gallicâ periodo 2 v. 7 fecouſſes pro feouſſes. Per. 3 v. 3 ont pro on. Per. 8. v. 3 qui pro quia. v. 7 par la pro parla.





P A L A E M O N I S

Vaticinium Votivum.


 Ltera vix reducem Floram spoliaverat Aëstas,
 Ex quo *Cæsareas*, superatis fluctibus, *Arces*,
 Discordem fugiens Populum divisáq; Regna,
 Liquerat, ut *Gallos* inviseret Inclytus hospes
 CAROLUS; & fati consors hæc Regia proles
 Adstaret caræ Genitrici, quam mala dudum
 Occultis lætata dolis Fortuna, tenebat
 Immeritis trinos jaætamat cladibus annos,
Liligeri excelsas ubi Sequana *Principis* arces
 Alluit, & Germana Dryas nemus incolit altum.

2. Illic dum variis sua PRINCEPS otia curis
 Exercet, Phœbique artes colit atque Dianæ,
 Ludicra vel ficti tractat certamina Martis,

B

Quæ

(Quæ quum fata dabunt veros convertat in usus,) Dùmque pilæ alterno modò tempus fallere jaëtu, Vel saltu juvat aut disco, vel fræna feroci Quadrupedi dare, vel circo componere gressus : Una magis grandes animos infixa remordet Altiùs & toto se volvit pectore cura, Quæ vetat hunc placidos occurrentis carpere somnos, *Nutantis Patriæ læstque Parentis imago.* Ergò ubi lenta dies Fatorum ex ordine fulsit, Quâ *Populo* indicat poenas vindicta *Rebelli*, Et patiens nimiùm Pietas jubet addere cœptis Consiliis jam fessa manum, nè facta ruentis Sit rea & ipsa mali, si perstet parcere ferro, Flectere quum rigidas nequeat *Clementia* mentes : Haud mora, quò sua fata vocant huc tendere cursu.

3. Dum verò amplexu properat discedere *Matris* Ille, *Patrem* volvens animo ; discinditur æquis Partibus Illustris *Pietas* atque hæret utrius. Nota tamen Patris fors undique tristior urgens, Accelerat dubium : sicque impiger advolat oras Ad *Batavum* ; atque (oculis vix dum lustrata) relinquit Littora, sollicitis ubi dudum *Nereus* undis

Classem

Classem asservabat, grandisque immania dorso
Gestabat, multo sed non sine murmure, Monstra
Quinque & bis septem, terrere valentia *Phocas* :
Has nuper pia cura Dei, de gente rebelli
Legitimum Justo tulit oblatura triumphum
PRINCIPI, ut illa forent successus omina fausti.
His vectus, *multo comitatu insignis & armis*,
CAROLUS alta petit, cedentiaque æquora fulcat.
Tum vota ad Superos multo cum murmure defert,
Explosoque quatit vicinum sulphure littus
Machina, Cœlicolum cuius vox permeat arces.
Exciti raucâ *Tritones* aëra conchâ
Implent, & *Nymphæ* chores circum agmine ducunt,
Gratoque exultant pressi sub pondere fluctus.

5. Et sic, Heroüm fidâ stipante catervâ,
CAROLUS oppositas læto alite tendit in oras.
Tum verò *Britonum*, cui semper chara Tridentis
Est & *Tergemini* Ponto inclyta gloria *Sceptri*,
Littore prospiciens, oculis dum vela recedunt
Et rapit aura rates, hæc orsus vota PALÆMON.

6. “*Nereidum Glaucique cohors, tandem excipe lætas*
“*PRINCIPIS Augusti Puppes. Vos ponite, venti,*

“*Insanos fremitus ; arctis vincitique catenis*
 “*Definite in Pontum rabido sævire flagello,*
 “*Immanesque agitare iras : PAX regnet in undis :*
 “*Et placidi Britonas cingant fausto omine fluctus.*
 “*Ac veluti sacros quum destinat edere fœtus*
 “*Alcyon, & Thetidi pullos committit amicæ ;*
 “*Sit vobis hæc festa dies, quâ CAROLUS altum*
 “*Scandit & ulcisci læsos meditatus honores*
 “*Et Patris & Sceptri, Gentem & sedare rebellem,*
 “*Famidudum optatos Pacis parat edere fructus.*

7. *O Regum siboles ! cui nostra hæc carmina surgunt,*
 Parce precor magnis Tu paulum, CAROLE, curis.
 Sollicitumque Tui carmen dignare faventi
 Lumine, & hæc aures mereantur tangere sacras.
 Quæ Tibi fatidico panduntur Apolline vota.
 I nunc, & *Zephyro* solum comitante, carinis
 Scinde Tuis liquidos illæso tramite fulcos,
 Subjectumque Patris nunc credas Nerea Sceptris ;
 Ille Tuum nam sternit iter, famulaque ministrat
 Puppibus ipse manu, nociturosque amovet imbres.
 O quam se tali dignum lætatur honore,
 Séque oneri supponit ovans, non pube superbus,

Quippe

Quippe adeò fuit Heroüm queis claruit Argos,
Thessala quum classis *Phryxei* littora Regis
Diripuit, quamvis multa illos secula jaētent,
Et fint æternis Astrorum nomina fastis
Inserta, auratâ cum Puppe, & vellere rapto.
Græcia nîl etenim, quâ vindice fulget *Iäson*,
Ficta tenet, veros quod PRINCIPIS æquet honores
Æternum noménque mei, quo clarus ab Indis
Splendet ad *Oceanum* cui *Phæbus* lumina condit.

8. Macte igitur, facilémque Jovis sperato favorem
Quò te fata vocant Regni, lacerique Penates.
Nascitur ecce novum tibi vellus & altera *Cholchis* :
Sed famosa magis quam quâ se *Græcia* jaētat :
Tangit enim Tua *Cauffa* Deos hominésque vicissim,
Atque decus læsæ Themidis : dum sœvit habenis
Audaci violatque manu sacra jura *Britannum*
Gens fera laxatis ; quam facta immanibus æquent
Titanum Monstris, sua quos audacia fixit
Et malè tentatum facinus radicibus *Ætnæ*,
Suppliciūmque dedit *Cyclopum* pascere flamas.
Sic propriâ *Hæc Gens* mole ruat, cui infanda superbo
Confilia impulsu tantum suasere furorem ;

Martis ut in Patriam fævos accenderet ignes,
 Utque ministerio Regum atria sancta prophano
 Pollueret, vetitæque manu tractaret habenas
 Impiæ, & optaret caput inter nubila condi.

9. Vade ergò, *Regum ô Soboles!* & tuta pererrans
Neptuni famulos fluctus, jam Numine dextro
 Utere; linque moras, nascentæque erige vires
 Et procerum & Populi, quorum spirantia cultum
 Pectora fida Tuum mala non infecit Erynnis,
 Sed mente intrepidâ Tua, CAROLE, fata sequuntur.

10. Certè, aut veridicâ nos lauro fallit *Apollo*,
 Nec valet obscuri secreta aperire futuri;
 Aut quas Eumenidum furialis dextera torsit
 Conjurata faces jamjam vanescere, nigris
 Condere séque antris video, simul atque coruscum
 Fulserit Augusti capitis jubar, & Tua notas
 Lux optata diu *Britonum* percusserit oras.
 Ac veluti, primos quum *Titan* exerit ignes,
 Et Thetidis rubicunda sinus Aurora deaurat,
 Littus in oppositum noctis se lumina condunt,
 Præcipitâque fugam: medio vel summus in axe
 Quum stat, & æqualis partitur pensa diei,

Luminis

Luminis atque idem vitæ dator ; intima rursum
Lustra colunt umbrásque feræ, lemurésque fugati
Nocturnæque striges repetunt feralia tecta :
Sic simul ac Patrium rutilis lustraverit Orbem
Sol novus hic radiis ; vanescent fæva ferarum
Portenta, illicitas dudum exercentia prædas,
Atque fugam trepido rapient pede, séque nocentis
Dira lues Erebi taciturnis condet in umbris.
O quàm pœniteat sanctum hunc aliquando rebelli
Sacrilegáque manu Sceptri violâsse decorem,
Atque Caput *Magni* Sacrum tetigisse *Parentis* !
Quum Tibi juncta Themis, cælo cum vindice, dextram
Diriget, atque animis sua tandem fontibus addet
Supplicia, & solvet *Captivi* vincula *Regis*.

11. Non meliùs Pietas olim laudata refulgit
Illa *Anchisiadæ*, quum præmonstrante *Sibyllâ*
Insignis ramo chari & genitoris amore,
Umbrarum petiitque domos, campósque nitentis
Elysii, & fecit sibi magnum in secula nomen.
Sicut enim natum Phrygius dum suspicit Heros,
Hæc eadem Te verba manent : (quum dextera viætrix
Littoris objecti minitantia claustra recludens,

Quà jacet Oceano *Veſtis* non fausta *Britanno*,
 Et Regi populos, Regem populisque reducet,
 Atque expulsa folo *Britonum* sua gaudia reddet :
 “ *Venisti tandem ; Tu*que *exspectata Parenti*
 “ *Vicit iter durum Pietas ? datur ora tueri*
 “ *Nate Tua, & notas audire & reddere voces ?*
 “ *Sic euidem ducebam animo, rebárque futurum*
 “ *Tempora dinumerans : nec me mea cura feſellit.*
 “ *Quas ego Te terras & quanta per æquora viſtum*
 “ *Accipio ? Quantis jaſtatum Nate periclis !*
 “ *Quàm metui nè viſa Tibi tot regna nocerent !*
 Tu contra : *Tua me Genitor, Tua triftis imago*
Sæpius occurrens, absentem quærere adegit.
Stant ſale nunc Patrio classes mihi : jungere dextram,
Da Genitor, Téque amplexu nè ſubtrahe noſtro.

12. O Tu ! supremo cujus mortalia nutu
 Omnia volvuntur ; Tu, quo custode Monarchis
 Intemerata vigent jura, & quo vindice nunquam
 Magnatum ſcelus aut populi graſſatur inultum :
 Da *Nato* ſua vota *Pio*, da jura *Parenti*,
 Affere justitiam, frangat ſua poena Rebelles ;
 Imperiisque olim ſecurâ pace fruenti

Auratos

Auratos Tu redde dies ; & damna repende
(Quæ videt invito jam messis septima Phœbo,)
His cebonis, per quæ Saturnia floruit Ætas,
Ter septem sub Patre annis, & prole beatâ
Natorum, æternos dum Sol volvetur in orbes.
Nec Tibi ni longis saturo, REX *Inclite* seclis
Contingat caræ dextram disjungere Sponæ,
Quumque pii nôrint Temet monitore Nepotes
Parcere subjectis & debellare superbos,
Pax æterna Tui firmet fundamina Sceptri :
CAROLUS & propriâ faciens Te prole parentem,
Pacatum ipse regat patriis virtutibus Orbem
13. Talibus orabat dicturus plura *Palæmon*,
Ni Superis ea cura foret plura addere votis :
Præterea, jam fessus equos immergere Ponto
Ardentésque rotas properavit tingere Phœbus :
Et placidi dudum rapuêre errantia venti
Vela oculis ; tacitâ tenet ergò cætera mente.

14. Tunc quoq; nos sequimur paribus Te *Carole* votis,
Dum mala vix aliud nobis Fortuna reliquit
Quam vota, & puræ mentis solamina, Musæ
Intermixta jocis, queis curæ arcentur amaræ.

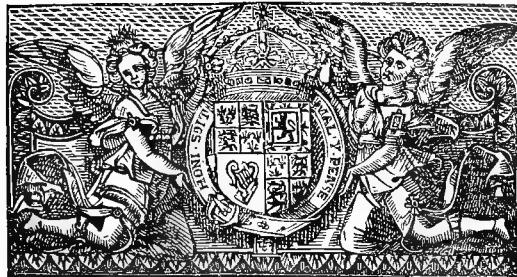
Scilicet

Scilicet esse viæ comites nos dura negârunt
 Et nimis adverfo volventia stamine lantas
 Improba fata dies : ex quo Civilia diris
 Arma Furor manibus rapiens, laxavit habenas
Jusque dedit sceleri, nos ut spoliaret inultos,
 Et raperet varii compendia prima laboris,
 (Hei mihi ! quanta illis damna exhinc addita damnis !)
 Gens fræni impatiens ; quæ Te quoque cedere Regnis
 Compulit è Patriis, variisque in gentibus aëtum
 Indè novos vindictæ animos hausisse coëgit.

15. Ergò ut *Alcidæ* primos tentare labores,
 Et *Britonum* Marti primas appendere palmas,
 In sua damna Tuam doceant hæc Monstra juventam ;
 Invitis illas quanquam Tua carpere dextris
 Et doleat Pietas tali clarescere Lauro.



P A LÆ-



PALÆMONIS

Vaticinium Votivum.


 Carce had the Summer with her dounie wing
 Brush't, & lai'd by the Wardrobe of the Spring,
 When Princelie CHARLS with his fair Train did pleaf
 T' expose His Sacred Person to the Seas ;
 Trusting to th' mercie of the Ocean more
 Then thofe Land Monsters which hee left on Shore.
 And now great *France* (in greatnes more increa'ft,)
 Court's the Arrival of this stately guest ;
 Whose coming there was onely to resign,
 And offer up his Sorrows at the fhrine
 Of His dread Mother ; who to make Her Moan
 And Mourning leſs, did intermix his own.

Sad

Sad QUEEN ! how hath stern step-dame Fortune tost,
 And bandied Thee from *Britain* to the Coast
 Of *France* ! where *Sein* displaie's her silver-floods,
 And grand Saint *German* vannteth her vast woods.

2. To this calm Rendezvouz sad CHARLS repair's
 With Sports to cozen and beguil his Cares :
 Somtimes Hee Hunt's, and with his Vocal Horn,
 Summon's *Aurora*, and the loitering Morn :
 Somtimes Hee read's ; and equally impart's
 His well-divided hours for Arms or Arts.
 Yet most Hee sport's in *Martial* Skirmishes,
 (W^{ch} may b'in Earnest when just Heaven shall pleaf)
 Somtimes Hee plaie's at *Tennis* ; then again
 Expert in Feats of Chivalrie, strive's to train
 The stubborn Steed ; and his rough fetlocks bring
 Within the Cube and Compas of the Ring.
 But ah ! these Pastims are too short and brief
 To flatter Sorrow, or to dandle Grief.
 His Cares thus crush't, obtrude ; and still abuse
 His busie Fancie, with the whisper'd News
 Of good or bad Events, which still relate
 T' a *Kingdom's* Fortune, or a *Father's* Fate.

Yet

Yet now since *Heaven* doth call ; Hee's bent to trie
The worst of *Chance*, and out-dare *Deslinie*,
Since the designed Time, and hovering Hours
At hand to Punish those *Usurping Powers* ;
To put a *Snaffle* in the Head-strong-Jaws
Of *Hot-spur-Rebels*, who have tir'd all waies :
Wh' have jaded, spurgall'd *Pitie* ; and let loof
Her Reins ; and made tame *Mercie* of no use.

3. Thus Ruminat's sad CHARLS, and float's betwixt
Dutie and *Zeal* ; unstable and unfix't,
Touch't with the mutual Senf of th'*One* and *Other*,
Of a Dear *Father* and Indulgent *Mother* ;
At length the Ponderous thoughts of His *Sire's* fate
Weigh'd down the Scales, and ended the Debate.
Then from the Frontiers of fair *France* Hee post's,
And re-imbarck'd, arrive's on *Belgia's* Coasts ;
Whose Continent before Hee well survei'd
Hee left, and in all haste His Anchors weigh'd,
Putting to Sea ; where *Nereus*, with a Fleet
Of well-rigg'd-shipping, did his Highnes greet.
A gallant Navie ! whose full number might
Out-brave the boisterous Billows, and affright

Those

Those hugh *Behemoths* and vast *Porpoises*,
Which *Tole* the Waters and *Excise* the Seas.

4. These did propitious *Providence* provide,
And pre-ordain to bee great CHARLS His Guide :
Whose just *Desertion* of a ship-wrack't CAUS,
Buoi'd up and born by *Usurpation* was,
Som luckie *Omen* of Bleft CHARLS Succes,
Which made His Power grow greater, and theirs les.
And thus re-ent'ring with His Roial Train,
Hee plow's the fertile Furrows of the Main.
And with low-bended-knees, but loftie eies
Implore's high *Heaven* to blefs his *Enterpize*.
The *Cannons* clos'd th' *Amen* : and did inlarge
Their wide-strech't-*Organs* to *Report* the *Charge* :
Both Rocks and Rivers trembled at the stroaks
Of louder Guns ; whose *Center-shaking-shocks*
Like the Cloud-cleaving Thunder, seem'd to tear
The troubled Welkin, and affright the Air.
The prettie *Tritons* did that daie belabor
Their well-tun'd-shells, which founded like som *Tabor*,
Whiles the whole *Chore* of Sea-Nymphs did advance
And teach the *Capering* Surges how to dance.

5. Thus

5. Thus with His *Princelic* Fleet whiles Hee doth sail
Near *Britain's* Coast, fann'd with a whispering Gale,
Tridented Neptune plac't Him at the Helm,
Himself doing Homage to his three-fold Realm.
But poor *Palæmon* at His *Launching* plie's
His task, and fwell's the Canvass with his *Sighs*,
Whose trickling tears fell down like showers of Rain,
Striving to mix fresh *Water* with the *Main*.
Long in these doleful dumps hee stood for lack
Of his lov'd Soveraign, and at last thus spake.

6. " *O Thou whose wonders are seen in the Deep*
" *Unbottom'd Bowels of the Ocean ! keep*
" *And Crown His Sacred Highnes with divine*
" *Glories ; whose Scepter is a Type of Thine.*
" *O ! let th' obsequious windes, and waves allaire*
" *Their furlie looks, and studie to obeie.*
" *O ! let all storms bee chain'd up in abstruse*
" *And lonely caverns, and no more break loof,*
" *Whiles the whole Rabble of black Tempests sleep,*
" *Lull'd by the warbling Musick of the Deep.*
" *Let this Daie's Jubilee with Peace bee bleft*
" *And hush't, as when Halcyon build's her nest :*

" *Such*

“ Such bee that Daie when great CHARLS doth prepare
 “ T’ encounter with Rebellion, and repair
 “ The Ruines of three Kingdoms, to increas
 “ His enemies Horror, but His Subjects Peace.

7. *Dread Sovereign!* whose verie name give’s fire
 To my dull *Muse*, which stand’s but to admire ;
 And in th’ amazement of that Zeal doth greet
 Thy *Sacred Highness* with unequal Feet.
 Pass on in triumph with a prosperous Tide,
 Whiles *Zephyrus* is thy Pass-port and thy Guid :
 Hee, Hee’s thy Harbinger who swiftlie clear’s
 The Coast from Tempests when thy Pilot steer’s ;
 How doth Hee smile, and smooth His chearful brow
 Ballanc’t with so divine a weight as THOU !
 The ship which wasted *Jason* to the shore
 Of *Colchis*, which the vulgar did adore
 And *Dejse* so much, that they did prize
 Each Planck as Trophies to bee fix’t ith’ Skies ;
 That Ship was but a Cock-boat to thy *Sail*,
 Or som poor punie *Whiting* to a *Whale*.
 Had Hee been Fraught with Thee, hee ne’r had thought
 Of that vain Voiage, and so dearly bought

A lock

A lock of *Wool*, and better-tutor'd *Grecce*,
Would brag no longer of her *Phrygian Fleece*:
Those Pageant-pot-gun-Triumphs (if their storie
Were true) were but meer Atoms to *Thy Glorie*,
W^{ch} flame's like Heaven's bright blazing lamp through
World, from th' *Artick* to th' *Antartick* Pole.

6. Goe then blest Mirror of Great *Britain*! go,
Implore Heaven's *Aid* above, whiles here below
Thy *Subjects* linger, readie with th' *Expense*
Of their dear Blood, to fall in *Thy Defence*:
Fresh Trophies Court Thee; richer then that old
Fleece, fetch't from *Phrygia*, though each lock were gold:
Thy Cauf awake's th' whole world, and clamor's high
For Vengeance, from a *Supreme Deitie*.

Angels and *Men* are mov'd; when *Devils* dare
Intrench on *Princes*, and usurp the Chair
Of *Sovereign Power*; A *Fact* that cannot hold
Comparison, unless referr'd to th' old
Unweildie *Giants*, threatening to unthrone
Their *Fove*, and scale the Castles of the Sun;
But as their brainless Furie was confin'd
And nail'd to *Ætna*; so let these *Youths* finde

C

The

The self-same Fate ; whose Villanies have hurl'd
 Earth from her *Center*, and unhing'd the World.
 How would two *Houses* pull twelv 'bout their ears,
 Those twelv Celestial *Mansions* of the Spheres ?
 Whilst *Stars*, nay *Moon* and *Sun* may shine alone,
 Since our *New Lights* have *Lanthorns* of their own.
 Thus have these *Phaëtons* fir'd, and turn'd each Town
 (*Heart-burnt* before) t' a *Conflagration*.
 Strange *Babel-By-Blows* ! t' untile *Thrones* by a trick
 Of *State*, and build a *Common-wealth* with *Brick* :
 Dismantling Earthlie Kingdoms, to prepare
Mountains i'th *Moon*, and *Castles* in the *Air*.

9 Then fail auspicious *PRINCE* ! and wafted o're
 The officious Waves, review Thy Native Shore ;
 New string thy nervles^s Subjects ; and impart
 Fivers and Arteries to the Peoples heart ;
 Resolv'd to hazard all, and to make good
 Thy *Royal Title*, sealed in their Blood.

10. And now I grow Prophetick 'bove all Fiction ;
 And breathe *Divinitie* in my wish't prediction.
 Black Clouds dissolv, and gloomie Horror go's
 Back to that cursed *Chaos* whence shee rose.

Not

Not daring to creep nearer, or incroach,
When CHARLS shall in bright *Majestie* approach.
As when great *Titan* Charioter to the daie,
Rideth his Circuit in his rich *Arraie* ;
The conscious Night retire's, and to bewail
Her Guilt the more, put's on a Mourning Vail.
Or look as when *Sol's* melting Beams pearch't high
To their *Meridian*, how the poor *Herds* flie
Head-long in Droles ! as though they were affraid
Of those pale shadows which their flight hath made !
So may those *Gobling Ghosts*, those *Beasts* of Prey
Sneak to their footie *Hen-roosts*, and with-draw
At Thy dread-looks : so may those Serpents hiss
Back, countermanded to their first *Abyss*.
Let them Repent that Daie, and Text it in
Their fatal *Rubrick*, when they first did sin
Against their SOVEREIGN, daring to Conspire
And Spawn black *Treason* 'gainst Thy *Sacred Sire*.
Let them Repent, when Vengeance and Heaven too
Shall paie their *Score*, and give them what's their *Due*.

11. Thus did that good *Archies* son of old
By th' Authentick *Sybils* Oracle grow bold

C 2

To

To rescue his blest Father, and thence made
 A strange adventure through the *Elizian* shade ;
 Such was His private Pietie, but *Thy* Zeal
 Involv'd three Kingdoms and their Publick-weal :
 Each Act is Sacred, and each aim of Thine
 Center's in Heaven, and thence grow's Divine.

12. O thou great-wonder-working GOD above !
 By whom the machine of th' whole Earth doth move ;
 Who rul'st both Sword and Scepter with a Rod,
 And still'st the mutinous world with thy sole nod :
 Inspire, inspire great CHARLS, and gentle shed
 Showers of Scepters on our *Sovereign's* Head ;
 That Justice may return t' arraign those known
 Loof *Outlaries* Thine enemies, and their own :
 That wee may injoie old *Saturn's* daies of old,
 To re-convert our Iron into Gold.
 With these throng'd Blessings was Thy *Father* Crown'd
 Thrice seven long Summers, leaving a Renown'd
 And Princelie Progenie, which shall secure
 This *Throne* as long as Sun or Stars indure.
 But may thy Scepter, and thy Regal Power
 Brook no Corrival, nor Competitor ;

Whiles

Whiles Princcs made thy Tenants, hold the Leaf
Both of their lives and fortunes to the Peace
Of glorious *Britain*; and preserv'd thus, own
Their selvs and safeties to Thy Roial Throne.

13. In this sad plight *Palemon* did implore
Th' Eternal Powers, and fain would have said more,
But did referr the sequel of his Praier
To Heaven's great Mercie, and th' Almighty's Care:
Besides *Sol* had unsadled (for their eas
His Steeds) and drench't his Chariot in the Seas:
The Fleet was out of sight too, and t' was best
For poor *Palemon* to conceal the rest.

14. Yet since wing'd *Vollies* of his *wishes* may
Wait on great *CHARLS*, as *Convoies* to His waie,
Hee send's them wrapt in *Sighs*; as griev'd to shew
How little hee could *paie*, how much must *ow*;
But whiles hee breathe's, hee'l deprecate thosse dire
Accursed Band-dogs that have fann'd this fire
Of Civil Discords; letting loof th' unjust
Reins to licentious *Murther*, and black *Luft*:
Who welt'ring in their gore, have swam to th' chin
In Bloodie Riot, and Seditious Sin.

And here they have rais'd their Crimes by the exile
Of Thy blest Presence, from this *Brittish* Isle.

Which last Act, when their Fate grow's mellow, shall
Add to their Weight, and Crush them in the fall.

15. Go then great Champion; go; make good the storie
That cite's *Alcides*, O may Thy first glorie
Bee vow'd to *Mars*! whiles miscreants are thence made
The *Maiden-handfils* of thy fatal *Blade*.

 And though 'tis pittie such base Blood should stain
A *Royal Fauchion*; and but little gain
To kill such Hedg-hogs. Let not this Plea sue
Their Pardons, nor debar them of their due:
Since the griev'd Realm doth groan, and groan agen,
Big with those Monsters, in the shape of men:
Whose violent pangs, and long Convulsion-fits
Have half bereft, and robb'd her of her wits.
Bee *Thou* then her *Lucina*, bee, and close
Her womb, expanded through her teeming-throws;
And as they *Brood* still quell, and dissipate
The *abortive Hydra's* of an Headles *State*.

 May Men and Angels further Thy intent
In this great Work, and wait upon th' event;

Since

Since now the Season, and the appointed Times
Are near to powr down vengeance on their Crimes :
And th' hour's at hand (if Souldiers may divine)
To seek their Ruines that have thus sought THINE.



FINIS.





An Advertisement to the READER in reference to the annexed Prophecie.

READER,

His Prophecie received from an honorable Person, coming so opportunely to my hand, I thought it but dutie to transfer it to the Publick view; not daring to commit so great a sin in the secret concealment of a busines of so general a concernment.

Touching the Author, Paulus Grebnerus, hee was a great Astronomer, and a man of surpassing Pietie, and known Integrity, whose Erudition likewife and excellent Endowments, have received a publick Character from this and other Kingdoms.

His Prophecie here need no Panegyrick; and a farther amplification, by wae of Apologie, would prove impertinent where so manie thousands have been so throughly preposseſt in the truth of his Predictions.

In a word, Scismaticks (that speak evil of Dignities, and despise Prophesies) may perchance persiſt still obstinate; I am ſure all ROYALISTS will reſt here well ſatisfied.

For my part, I ſhall therefore praie for the Converſion of the firſt, and Confirmation of the laſt; wishing the one more Faith, and the other better Fortune.

Farewel.

The



The P R O P H E C I E of *Paulus Grebnerus*
concerning these Times.



Aulus Grebnerus was here in *England* with Queen *Elizabeth*, Anno 1582. and presented Her with a fair Manuscript in Latine, describing therein the future historie of *Europe*, here and there limming in Water-colors som principal Passages.

Dr. *Nevil*, Clerk of the Closet, beeing in favor with the Queen obteined this Book of Her, and bestowed it on the Librarie of *Trinitie Colledg* in *Cambridg*, where it hath been published to the view of all persons, till about five or six years ago, by much perusing and ill handling, it was much flurred and defaced.

In his Predictions

Hee describeth the Troubles of *Russia*, and the Election of a *Swedish* King, *SIGISMUND* by name, to bee King of *Polonia*, by which Hee shall irrecoverably lose his own Inheritance.

That of the *Swedish* Race there should bee one *GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS* by name, that should take heart from the Distractiōns of *Germanie* to invade the Empire with a small Armie ; fight manie Battles prosperously, but should at last perish in a pitcht-Field.

That about that time should Reign *Rex Septentrionalis nomine CAROLUS, qui ducet Uxorem Mariam Papisticam*

*sticam, ex quo evadet Regum infelicissimus Tunc Populus ipfsus
Ditionis eliget sibi alium Imperatorem, Comitem; qui dura-
bit in Imperio tres annos, aut circiter. At postea idem Po-
pulus eliget alium Imperatorem, Equitem, non ejusdem Fami-
liae nec Dignitatis, qui detrudet omnia sub pedibus suis: du-
rabit aliquantò longiore tempore: & post hunc eliget nullum.*

*Post hunc apparebit quidam CAROLUS & CAROLO
descendens, cum immensâ Classe in Litore Ditionis Patris sui,
& cum Auxiliariis Danicis, Suedicis, Hollandicis, Fran-
cicis prosternet Adversarios Suos, & administrabit Imperi-
um perfelicissimè, & longè latèque dominabitur, & erit
CAROLO Magno major.*

Englisch'd thus.

About that time a Northern King shall Reign, CHARLS by Name, who shall take to Wife MARIE of the Popish Religion; vwhereupon Hee shall bee a most unfortunate Prince. Then the People of His Dominion shall chuse to themselvs another Commander [*or Governor*] viz. an Earl; whose Government shall last three years, or there about. And afterwards the same People shall chuse another Commander or [*or Governor*] viz. a Knight, not of the same Familie, nor Dignitie, who shall trample all things under his feet: Hee shall endure somwhat longer time: and after him they shall chuse none at all.

After him shall appear one CHARLS descending from CHARLS, with a mightie Navie, on the Shore of His Father's Kingdom; and with Aid from *Denmark, Swedeland, Holland, France*, shall overthrow His Adversaries, and shall govern His Kingdom wonderful happily, and shall bear Rule far and near: and shall bee greater then CHARLS the Great.

A short



A short Paraphrase on the fore-going

P R O P H E C I E.

How well could *Grebner* in those Blinde Times see ;
 And in these Seeing-Times how blinde are wee ?
 Our new-*Found-Lights* are lost ; those squint-ei'd-Elvs,
 And purblinde *Seekers*, may now seek themselvs ;
 Who have thus err'd, imagining Prediction
 Of *Sacred Prophesie*, but som feigned Fiction.

But wee (blest *Grebner !*) who have still admir'd,
 And look't upon thee as som Soul inspir'd ;
 Will hold thy *Saws* no longer in suspens,
 W^{ch} now w'have reach't with th'Opticks of our Sens ;
 Since what was once *Apocalyps*, is known
 The unridled Truth of *Revelation*.

Those two *grand Champions* (that trode on the Neck
 Of Nations, and had Kingdom's at Their Beck)
 Are both exstinct ; and Fame can onely give
 A bare relation that They once did live.

But

But Thou renowned CHARLS, whose matchleſs Fate
 Design'd Thee a *Victim* to the People's Hate ;
 (Maugre the malice of Thy Foes) wert hurl'd
 With *Haleluiahs* from the wondring vworld,
 A Conqueror o're Thy doom ; from vvhence vvee may
 Infer, Thou onely liv'dſt, vvee di'd that daie.

And now look back ; look back ; and have recourse
 From whence these streams of Mischief had their sourſ,
 Whiles thoſe *promiſcuouſ* *Hodg-podg-Powers* oppoſe,
 Like high-swoln Floods that *River* whence they roſe.
 The *Eagle* thus diſlodg'd ; a Wren-like race
 Of *dunghil-Dors*, ſoon pierch't-up in His Place.
 And *Lapwing-Libertie* e're *fleg'd*, take's *flight*,
 First hath her *Champion-Earl* ; the next a Knight,
 Whose heavie Pressure hath fo imp't her wings,
 Shee hath lost by *Consuls* what ſhee got by *KINGS*.

And now (but life's in Prophecie) wee might
 Die, and deſpair to ſee Thy *Second Light*,
 Great CHARLS, who like the *Bridegroom of the daie*,
 Shalt gil'd ſad *Britain* with Thy glorious *Raie* ;
 Whiles all thoſe shower-shot *Muſhroms*, and thoſe new
Created Brats, melt like the morning dew ;

And

And all those *Ignes fatui* shrink and run
 Like Exhalations at the *rising Sun.*

This is the Wish great KING, and pious Care
 Of those who piece-forth *Prophecie* with their *Praier* ;
 O may blest *Grebner* bee added to the Small
Prophets ! and prove each line *Canonical* ;
 Whiles what in th' old *Queen's Reign* hee did divine,
 May bee fulfill'd, and ratifi'd in *Thine* :
 O mai'st Thou Reign in Thy known Realms, who art
 Inthron'd alreadie in Thy People's heart !
 O mai'st Thou Rule! and spend Thy Fame through th'whole
 Earth ; from the *Artick* to t' *Antartick* Pole.
 Till the just world with *Grebner* shall maintein
 Thee a mightier Monarch then brave *Charlemain.*



F I N I S.

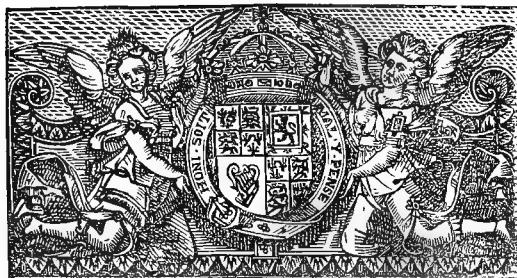


Æternæ Memoriæ,
E T
SANCTIS MANIBUS
CAROLI I.
Nuper MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ
REGIS Pientissimi;
Nunc verò
Angliæ Proto-Martyris-Regii
Gloriosissimi, SACRUM.

In iniquitatibus illorum Gloriam Tuam perfecisti.



Typis excusum Anno CAROLI Martyris primo, 1649.



Æternæ Memoriæ.

C A R O L I I. &c.

NE jam, *Roma* tuis Catilinæ criminæ chartis
 Devoveas, jactésve tuos (ô Brute!) triumphos:
 Major enim quām quum vidisti hæc Monstra, *Britanno*
 Dísque exosa magis tractatur Scena *Theatro*.
 Non Patriæ furtim ferales subdere tædas
 Conjurata manus tentat, non Publica cæcis
 Nunc petitur Res consiliis, non dira recessus
 Infandum molita nefas jam quærit *Erynnis* :
 Sed testemte, Phœbe vocat, quem cæna Thyestæ
 Crimine velavit quondam polluta minori.
 CÆSAR enim periit, justè quum *Roma* Tyrannos

D

Extimuit

Extimuit, *verōque* nefas culpante *Senatu*,
 Plaudente hīc *Illegitimo* REX CÆSARE MAJOR
 Fata subit *Cætu*, Themidis fædātque secures :
 Dum non visa priūs Populis spectacula præbet
 Turba ferox, Regis Sacram & scelerata prophanat
 Cervicem *Proprii* sub limina Sancta *Palati* ;
 REGIS, quo Melior nunquam vel Justior alter
 Lubrica vesanis admovit fræna *Britannis*.
 *Hīc ubi vicinis quondam responsa Legatis
 Ipse dabat, toto spargens Oracula Mundo
 Insignis *Tripli Diademate*, fæva securim
 Dextra parat ; verūm immoto jamjam ultima vultu
 Fata videt, *Mortémque Hostiisque in Morte triumphans*
Calcat, & intrepidus minitantem despicit Ensem :
 Non minus Augusto spectandus lumine, Cœli
 Mox ut abiturus sacras sublimis ad Arces,
 Quām Populo quum jura dabat : Sic CAROLUS astra
 Divorūmque domos petit, & * sibi cognita Regna :
 Indomitóque Tuas animo, *Themis Anglica*, Leges

* *White-hall*, sive Alba Aula, Regii Palatii pars nobilissima, Publ. quondam Legatorum Auditionibus, & præcipuis Aulæ solennitatibus inserviens, funestissimi spectaculi Theatrum & executionis locus deligitur.

* Ob pietatem scil. insignem ipsique supra exemplum familiarem. * Ipsissima ejus verba in secundâ compellatione Westmon. *I die a Martyr for My Parliament and People. I stand for the Laws of England, and the Libertie of My People.*

Afferit, & propriæ tua præfet jura saluti :
 Sed cadet hoc fulmen nec totum terreat Orbem ?
Legibus ô MARTYR Populique ! ô viætima nostris
 Non benè cæsa malis, mundique ignota priori !
 *O vos venturi lugete hæc damna Nepotes !
 Quanta etenim tantos placabunt funera manes ?
 Caussa Dei, Caussa hæc Regum est : quæ lumina condit
 Quaque oritur Phœbus, tangent Tua Fata Monarchas
 CAROLE, dum Cœlo volvetur Lucidus axis.
 At conjuratæ tandem Tibi sanguine dextræ
 Litabunt, proprioque cadent Tibi viætima ferro,
 Dùmque Tuo è cinere ut *Phœnix* renovabitur *alter*
 (Proxima quem Sceptri faciunt Tibi jura secundum.)
 CAROLUS, atque Tuos vindex exsurget in hostes,
 Tota secundabit Terrarum Machina votis
 Justa ejus conata suis, intérque Nepotes
 Heroïum in numero potiorem fera locabit
 Posteritas, Tecumque olim post fata beabit
 Suprema hunc Cælique domus, Divumque Corona.
Amen, ô Deus !
(O vindex scelerum Regumque custos)

* Sic propheticò quodam spiritus aſſiduū aliæ compellatione exprefſit. *That the childe yet unborn may curse the sad events of these violent courses taken against Mee.*



*To the Sacred Memorie of that late High and
Mightie Monarch, CHARLS the FIRST ;
Hee who fell Jan. 30. 1648. the
Princelie Proto-Martyr of
Great BRITAIN, &c.*

NO more of *Annals* ; let great *Rome* grow mute
In quoting *Catiline*, or recording *Brute* :
Britain now wear's the Sock ; the Theater's clean
Transplanted hither, both in Place and *Scene*.
No *Vail* nor *Periwig-vizor* ; *Murther* here
Without a *mask* dare's on the *Stage* appear,
Out-facing even the *Sun*, which oft hath fled,
And at less crimes shrunk in his frightened head.

Rome had som *Plea* (though shee ne're justifi'd)
Those fatal Swords by which great *Cæsar* di'd.

But

But here a greater far than *Cæsar* fall's
 By a fprious *Senate* and her *Cannibals*.
 How do that Monster-headles-multitude
 Gaze on the Beams, and giddily intrude
 On's *Sacred Person* ! murthering Him before
 The eies of Heaven ! and at His own Door !
 A *Prince* so sweetly *Pious*, Rebels must
 Confes 'tis *they* were guiltie, but *Hee Just* !

And now behold the *Scene* ! *White-hall*'s decreed
 The fatal shambles where the Lamb must bleed ;
White-hall ! from whence *Hee* oft dispers'd and hurl'd
 His Sacred Oracles through the Peaceful world :
 There with an uncontrolled Courage, (higher
 Far then that *Scaffold*) did His Soul asspire
 In glorious *Elohims*, making His last state
 His *Haleluiah*, or *Magnificat*.
 Thus Great AUGUSTUS falling, did bequeath
 New *Edicts* to the world, even at His Death,
 Such as did Screen His Memorie from the rust
 Of black Oblivion ; and embalm His Dust.

But Thou blest CHARLS, whom Historie shall stile
 The *Princelie Proto-Martyr* of this *Isle*

Fell'ſt *Champion* of the *Church* ; and did'ſt make good
 The *Realms grand Charter* ſealed in Thy *Blood*.
 And could this diſmal ſhock of Thunder light
 Onely on *Britain's* breast ? and not affright
 The *Univers*? to let us understand,
 The general Dooms-diae of the world's at hand ?
 Children unborn ſhall ſtill bewail the time
 Of this fad *Hour* ; and deprecate the Crime
 Of thoſe dire *Regicides*, whose bluſhing guilt,
 For Vengeaunce crie's loud as that Blood th' have ſpilt.
 Thy *Cauf* invoke's just Heaven, and doth implore
 Confederate Princes to the fartheſt Shore
 Of all the world ; as far as *Phæbus* raie
 Doth guild the *Zodiack*, and proclaim's the daie.
 And yet ſhould all theſe fail ; Bleſt CHARLS 'tis known
 Thou'ſt leſt a *Princelie Progenie* of Thine own.
 Who'l expiate Thy Murther, or resign
 Their own Lives too, as *Offerings* at Thy *Shrine*.
 And now ſee ! ſee ! another *Phenix* rife !
 From the bleſt aſhes of this Sacrifice !
 A Second CHARLS ! who ſhall in fame aſſpire,
 And grow more Mightie then His *Princelie Sire*.

And

And now, O may th' unanimous world inthrone
 Him soon ! and re-invest Him in His Own.
 May Hee out-live old *Neflor's* daie and go
 Not hence, but cloathed in a Robe of Snow ;
 And then when envious Heaven too shall remove
 His Swaie from Earth, O may Hee Reign above !
 And meet His *Sire*, wh' (having past this flood
 In Robes of scarlet di'd in His own Blood)
 Sit's now a Crowned *Martyr*, and hath free
 Title to add a *Fourth Crown* to His *Three*.





Sur la mort de
CHARLES I.
 Deffunt Roy de la Grand Bretaigne.
 SONNET.

ANGLOIS, *est il donc vray que ce PIEUX MONARQUE*
Que Trois Peuples ont veu Regner si Justlement,
Ainsy q'un Criminel assiste en jugement ;
Et puis souffre le coup de la Mortelle Parque ?

Est il vray que Charon ose amener sa Barque,
Jusques dessus le seuil de ce Grand Bâstiment
Qui fut de son Palais le plus bel ornement ;
Et que son sang l'ait teint d'une Eternelle marque ?

Ouy ; mais malaisement chez la Postérité,
Ce recit passeroit pour vne verité,
Tant de cet attentat les coups sont effroyables :
Si la Foy n'enseignoit un Christ persecuté :
*Ou que lon ne s'ceust pas, Que regnent des * Diables*
Est un pas dangereux pour tant de Pieté.

* Il Rè d'Engelterra Rè de los Diabulos El Rè di Francia Rè de los Afuos, &c.
 Carol. V.

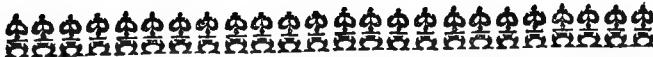
In



In MARTYRIUM
C A R O L I I.
 Epigramma.

DUm Populi curas, REX, per Tua damna salutem,
 Jure novo veniunt jam *nova Regna* Tibi ;
Quarta etenim *Triplici* superadditur ista *Coronæ*,
 Quod moriens Populo MARTYR es atque Deo.

E vivis eruptus IIII. Kal. Febr.
Anno Æræ Christianæ,
 M DC XL IX.



In



In CAROLI I. obitum Epigramma.

Grex erat, & viridi carpebat gramina campo
Grex felix ; fidus cui modo *Pastor* erat.

Lex erat, & justæ lis omnis subdita legi :

Lis felix, *Legis* cui modo *Lator* erat.

Rex erat, & placido Rexit Moderamine ; *Pastor*
Et *Legis-lator* (plangite) *justus* obit.

Nunc sine lege *Duces* ; sed non sine lite *furores* ;

Nunc sine *Pastore* est *Grex*, sine *Rege Thronus*.

Omnia, *Rex*, *Lex*, *Grex*, jam sunt pessundata ; Terris
Quid supereft ? nisi *Fæx* : *Plebs* ferè victa jacet.



Epigramma



Epigramma Historicum
De Termino *Hilarii* Juridico in *Anglia* in-
tercalato, *Anno Dom. 1649.*

Terminus en *HilarI* fuit hoc tristissimus Anno,
Purpura Regalis tincta cruento Togæ.
In terra retinent spinas Diademata Regum ;
In Cœlo electis grata Corona datur.



Memoriae





Memoriae Sacrum Optimi Maximi

C A R O L I I.

Great SIR, Your pardon that my ruder Verf
 Dare's with her Feet profane *Your Sacred Herf* ;
 True Grief no Manners know's ; and to begin
 With Courtship, were but ceremonious sin.
 Whiles You surviv'd, blest SIR, my Loial breath
 Still waited on Your Service ; and since Death
 (Sent by the Actors of so black a Treafon,
 As puzzles Faith, and quite confounds all Reason)
 Hath hurl'd You hence ; You justly SIR may call
 My Bodied thoughts to wait Your *Funeral*.

My dwindling-dwarf-like-Fancie fwell's not big,
 Nor know's to wear a borrowed Periwig
 Of Metaphors, nor from *Parnassus* rise
 To ransack far-fetch't Phrases from the Skies ;
 Since all those pidling Epithites are too brief,
 Great CHARLS, to fhev Thy Glorie, or my Grief.

Go

Go thou grim Conqueror ; search thy kingdom through,
 Examine everie *Urn* and *Pitcher* too ;
 Taste all thy Earths, and call at everie *Grot*,
 Even those whose Names, Rust & the Worms have got ;
 And tell mee if in all thy *Dark-houſe* bee
 Sñch a *Prince* falm, and *Prince* though falm, as *Hee*.
 Greatnes and Goodnes too, which feldom fall
 Within the Compasſ of the self-same Scale,
 In *Him* were poized, and divinely met ;
 Whose Meeknes made Him Good, and Mercie Great.
 His Meeknes, oh ! that inexhausted *Mine*
 And *Magazine* of Moral and Divine
 Graces, which like the influence, and the bright
 Beams of the Sun, fill'd *Britain* with their Light.

But why am I thus partial ? when that all
 His Thoughts, Words, Actions, were Angelical ?
 Which like fix't Load-stars, did direct most men
 To fail by th' *Compass* of His Life and Pen :
 Each pious action was so chaste, and such
 As held it *ſin* to think, but *death* to touch ;
 His Mercie such, as if Hee did but live
 To know His Subjects failings, and forgive.

Unheard

Unheard of Love ! which could offences mask
And sooner grant their Pardon, then they ask !

Thus was His Life un-pattern'd ! but His *Death* !
Oh how the sens which suffocate's my breath
Curdle's my blood ! and, like swift poison, flie's,
In curling flames through all my Arteries !
Hee di'd by th'barbarous hands of such a *Frie*
As fed on *Furies*, and have dreined Drie
The *Lerna* of all Murthers, to new-fstock
Mankinde with spreading Crimes ; such as may mock
Preceding Treasons, and the world supplie
With a strange Mould to cast all *Future* by :
All former *A&ls* were fictions unto this ;
Raviliacks too is a *Parenthesis* ;
A Murther so transcendent, *Annals* shall
Henceforth grow faithleſs and *Apochryphal*.

But Thou bleſt Martyr, who haſt here laid down,
And chang'd a Temporal for a *Glorious Crown* ;
Haſt finish't Thy great Work, and by th' event,
Attain'd more then *they* promis'd, but ne'r meant.
Rest ROYAL SIR, rest in Your Sacred Herſ
While wee embalm Your Memorie with our Verf,

And

And trickling Tears, which shall like Pearls refine
 Your Urn, and serv for Diamonds to your Shrine.
 You need no other Monument, who have
 No lesf then three whole Kingdoms for Your Grave :
 Whiles from the *melting Marble* of their Eies
 Is *Crystalliz'd* this *Epitaph*

Here lie's

“ *Honor's* rich *Fountain*, the *True Faith's* *Defender* ;
 “ *Religion*, and the *Law's* Prop, and Extender ;
 “ The purest quinteffence of *Christian Zeal*,
 “ Best Father both of *Church* and *Common-weal* !
 “ *Virtues* rare *Patern* ; *Wedlocks* chafest *Mirror* ;
 “ *Rebellions* and bold *Treasons*, *Scorn* and *Terror* ;
 “ The spotleſſ *Sacrifice*, for the wilde flood
 “ Of's People's loud sins. *CHARLS the Great, the Good.*



Chro-



CHRONOSTICHON

Decollationis CAROLI REGIS, &c.

tricesimo die Januarii, secunda

hora Pomeridiana, *Anno Dom.*

M D C X L V I I .

*Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroL Vs eX Vt Vs SoLio SCeptrbq Ve SeCVre.*

CHARLS!—ah forbear, forbear! lest Mortals prize
His Name too dearly; and *Idolatrize*.

His Name! Our Loss! Thrice cursed and forlorn
Bee that Black Night, which usher'd in this *Morn*.

CHARLS *our Dread Sovereign!*—hold! lest Out-law'd Senf
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
With those Celestial Powers; and distrust
Heaven can Behold such *Treason*, and prove Just.

CHARLS

CHARLS our Dread Sovereign's murther'd!—Tremble! and
 View what Convulsions Shoulder-shake this Land ;
 Court, Citie, Countrie, nay three Kingdoms run
 To their last Stage, and Set with Him their Sun.

CHARLS our Dread Sovereign's Murther'd at His Gate !
 Fell Fiends ! dire *Hydra's* of a Stiff-neck't-State !
 Strange *Bodie-Politick* ! whose *Members* spread,
 And, Monster-like, fwell bigger then their *Head*.

CHARLS of Great Britain ! Hee ! who was the known
 King of three *Realms*, lie's murther'd in His *Own*.
 Hee ! Hee ! who liv'd, and *Faith's Defender* stood ;
 Die'd here to re-Baptize it in His *Blood*.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump shall Echo all
 The Rest in dreadful Thunder. Such a Fall
 Great *Christendom* ne're Pattern'd ; and 'twas strange
 Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal *Change*.

The Blow struck *Britain* blinde, each well-set Limb
 By Dislocation was lop't off in *Him*.
 And if Shee yet live's, Shee live's but to condole
 Three Bleeding *Bodies* left without a *Soul*.

Religion put's on Black. Sad *Loialtie*
 Blushe's and Mourn's to see bright *Majestie*
 Butcher'd by such *Affassinates* ; nay both
 'Gainst *God*, 'gainst *Law*, *Allegiance*, and their *Oath*.

Farewel sad *Isle* ! Farewel ! Thy fatal *Glorie*
 Is Summ'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this *Storie*.

F I N I S.



O B S E Q U I E S

O N

*That unexemplar Champion of Chivalrie, and
Pattern of true Prowess, A R T H U R
Lord C A P E L.*

T'Is fall *Astronomie*. — Nor are wee yet
In utter darkness, though the *Sun* bee set ;
Since Thy star-beaming-influence prove's all
Those Rules *Excentrick*, and *Apocryphal*.
Thou'rt hight'ned by Thy Fall, and dost now shine
With doubled lustre, since Thy last *Decline*.

Bright mirror of our Sphere ! who art no less
Then Valor's wonder ; Virtue's Master-piece ;
Filling whole Volums with Thy Fame ; to tell
The World Thy Worth was her own *Chronicle* :
To tell the World, those Praises in the Wars
Thou'ft purchas'd, might bee numbred with the Stars ;

E 2

And

And had Thy well-proportion'd-Daies been Spun
 Out by Thy Deeds, Thou had'st out-liv'd the *Sun* ;
 Forcing the World's great *Luminarie* t'have
 His *Chaös* climaacterick with Thy Grave.

Thus Thy renowned Meeds like Incens hurl'd
 On flaming Altars, have Perfum'd the World
 With such rich *Odors*, that scarce Envie knew
 Whether Thou wer't to *King* or *Realm* most true.
 Let *State-Chronographers* admire, and plead
 Those Rites they ow to Honor ; when they read
 Thy rare Atchievements ; studying to refine
 The truth of *Modern Historie* by *Thine*.

Carthage bee dumb ! our *Colchester* stand's now
 Corrival with thee, and dare's more then *Thou* ;
 And all those *Punick Wars*, thy Walls could boast,
 Have o're and o're been travers'd on her Coast.
Rome's three *Horatii* are pos'd ; our Isle
 Hath bred a *Capel*, *Lucas*, and a *Lifte* :
 Whose matchlefs deed's have *Dub'd* them with that late
 And glorious title of *Triumvirate* ;
 Whiles their transcendent merit strut's, and strive's
 To stand on tip-toe in *Superlatives*.

And

And still there's somthing more ; for, what was mixt
Promiscuously in these, in Thee was fixt.

In Thee that *Pythagorean* Maxime's true ;
And what was stale *Philosophie*, prove's new
Divinitie, since th' Souls of all those *Nine*
Renowned Ones *Transmigrated* in *Thine*.

But why do wee Adore Thee, made immenf
And far sublim'd above our Sphere of Senf ?
Scorning bright *Obelisques* of Brafs, or Stone
Should raif Thy *Monument*, who art Thine own.
Yet should'ft Thou exspect a Shrine on Earth, wee must
Make *Colchester* th' *Exchequer* of Thy Duft :
Nor is it more then reasoun, since 'twere pitie
To give *Thee* a less *Church-yard* then that *Citie*,
T' Interr Thee in her *Breaches*, and o're-turn
Her stately *Bulwarks*, to support Thine Urn ;
Whil'ft the throng'd streets would justle to make room
And spread their Towrs, as *Trophies* o're Thy *Tomb*.

But this grand Task I recommend to thosse,
Who can limm Fancies in more lively *Prose* ;
Whose Rhetorick may richly guild this *Pile*,
And raif Invention to a loftie stile ;

Such as may Conjure Horror, and oblige
 Faith-founder'd-Zelots to confess that *Siege*,
 That fatal *Siege*, whose Trenches were or'e-spread
 With mangled trunks and bodies of the Dead ;
 Till the discolour'd Earth, thus di'd in *Grain*,
 Blush't to behold such Shambles of the *Slain* :
 And the pale *Furies* stood like heartleſs *Elves*,
 Trembling, to see *Men* do more then *Themſelvſ*.
 The Center-shaking-Brass grew hot, and spoke
 In Flames of Lightning, and in Clouds of Smoke ;
 And *Charon* fainted, Ferrying Souls to *Hell*,
 When *Hecatombs* of the *Befiegers* fell.

Amidſt these Tragick Triumphs didſt Thou rear
 Thy brave *Top-gallant*, 'bove the reach of Fear ;
 Undauntedly exposing Thy bold Head
 To ſhocks of *Thunder*, and thick ſhowrs of *Lead* :
Those Bullets were then Tame ; and wee may tax
 The partial *Sword* that ſpar'd Thee for the *Ax*.
 The *Field* (th' *Asylum* of great Spirits) clean
 Is changed here ; the *Citie* is the *Scene* ;
 The *Cannon* shew'd fair-plaie : But Thou wer't pack't
 Away, not by an *Ordnance*, but an *A&T*.

The

The *Scaffold* turn'd a *Stage*: Where 'tis confest,
 The last *Act* (though most *Bloodie*) prov'd Thy Best:
 It prov'd Thy solemn *Coronation*, since
 The *Yard's* Thy *Palace*; and a Glorious *Prince*
 Thy *President*: Who after *Him* art hurl'd
 To meet Thy *Sovereign* in another World.
 Transferr'd from Earth to Heaven, to remain
 A fixed *Star*, and wait on CHARLS his WAIN.





OBSEQUIES

Offered up to the Memorie of the ever Renowned and never to bee forgotten,

ARTHUR, Lord C A P E L.

D^O ; paddle still in *Blood*, for 'tis not strange
 Now if your thirstie drops'd Blades do range
 On the whole stock of Man ; or that they spread
 To Trunck and Boughs, since they have lop't the *Head* :
 For since the KING, who like one general Soul,
 Did through each nerv and agile muscle rowl ;
 And like som publick Conduit did dispence
 To everie Vein, both Sap and Influence ;
 Shine's in His *Crown* of *Martydom* above,
 Guilt and enamel'd with the Beams of *Love* ;
 The Cement thus unfix't and slack't, wee must
 Needs languish in to shuffled heaps of Dust :
 And as in Bodies, where the *Head* is lop't
 From off the weeping Stem, som *Spirits* drop't

From

From that great *Magazine*, into each part,
 And left as *Legacies* unto the *Heart* ;
 Contract the Joints and Hands, then make them spread
 As if they catch't at the dislodging *Head* ;
 So after this vast Ruin, though the Frame
 Of Nature were both discompos'd and lame ;
 Yet in this crippled Structure, there might bee
 Som starts and leaps, w^{ch} flow'd (brave *Lord!*) from Thee ;
 On whom, as som not yet discovered Sourf,
 Which doth to th' suppled Earth fresh Sap disburf,
 And through her veins melt's in a purling rill,
 Th' expiring KING His Vigor did distil.
 And as som fullen Vapor which was spun
 From th' Earth's courf Wardrobe, by the glaring Sun,
 To som wilde Meteors, hover's in the Air,
 And on each Cloud shed's its unravel'd hair ;
 But wanting Active Heat to waft it higher,
 Doth in dull Slime and sluggish Mists exspire :
 So before CAPEL was (like th' early Flower
 Which ruder Hands tore from the mangled Bower)
 Rent from His Bleeding stalk, wee might perchance,
 Like vapors wing'd with His brave heat, advance

Above

Above the Common-level, yet but now
 His Flames shot-up no new Supplie t' allow.
 Wee crumble shall to Ruin st freight, and run
 Into a wilde Precipitation.
 And as when Morning from the *Azure* Towers
 Powr's out the daie, and pluck's out th'unfledg'd hours;
 The Earth unlock's its womb, each flower unweav's
 Its odorous treffes, and untie's its leavs,
 That so they may bee spangled by that blaze
 That from the blooming Sun's gilt lustre strai's ;
 So now vwhen Hee like a nevv-budded Star
 That stud's the Orb's above, doth from a far
 Point out his Beams to us, let their clear Light
 Steer us through the perplexed maze of night ;
 And our benum'd and frozen Souls so thavv,
 Hee may both our Example bee and Lavv ;
 For though that Man's a vworld vwithin himself ;
 In Him no Passion fvvell'd into a Shelf
 To split His even thoughts, no Rock of Pride
 Did intercept or justle the free Tide
 Of vwell-poiz'd actions, and no *Mountain* there
 Was by *Ambition* made, or *Gulf* by *Fear*.

His

His beauteous Actions too vwithout did meet,
 Still in such comlie and vwell-ballanc't feet,
 And vvere so fairly knit, you'd think they'd been
 Each one the *Transcript* of His *Soul within* ;
 No Byas His *Religion* vvarp't avvrie
 Into a crooked *Excentricitie*,
 'Tvvas fullied vwith no Ends ; Hee could not tell
 Hovv to vamp *Calvin* vwith dark *Machiavel*.
 No Widdovvs cooler fighs did fan His Cup,
 Hee drank in's Wine no Tears of Orphans up ;
 His Pregnant Fields vvere moist'ned by the Skies,
 Not vvet vwith shovvers rain'd from His Tenants eies ;
 And having thus vwith Virtue pav'd the Track
 Which to His *Urn* did guid His foot-steps back ;
 Hee, vwhen His full-fledg'd Soul cast off her Claie,
 To bathe in Tides of never-ebbing daie,
 Did in so soft a Calm dismisis His breath,
 As if 't vvere His *Espousals*, not His *Death* ;
 And that in His cold shroud Hee vvere to meet
 The Portraict onely of His *Genial sheet*.

In



In Præmaturum Obitum
Baronis C A P E L,
 E T

Casum Mortis-Sociorum, VII. *Id. Mart.*

M D C X L I X.

TRes cecidere simul, Fato non dispare, Caufsâ
 Quamvis dissimili, ^aMARCHIO, ^bBARO, ^cCOMES;
 Dispar enim fuit hæc ratio, (licet omnibus idem
 Supplicium inflixit præcipitata Themis;)
 Quod ^aPrimus meritas Tibi solvit, CAROLE, pœnas,
 Immerita ast ^bAlium MARTYRA pœna facit:
^cTertius at dubii quondam damnatus amoris,
 Se Tibi nunc* mœrens reddere Justa putat.

^a Hamilton, ^bCapel, ^cHolland. Capite multati in Palatii Westmon. Ar

* Sic Petrus nutantis fidei pœnitentiam egit lacrymis.

Illuſtrif-



Illusterrissimi Herōis Domini
FRANCISCI VILLIERS
 Epicedium.

Quisquis amicus ades, nec mœstos scindere crines,
 Nec pigeat madidas Ungue secare genas ;
 Occidit illustris jnvenum fortissimus Heros,
 Quem subitò Fati carpsit acerba manus ;
Ille alios tantùm vicit Virtutibus omnes,
 Ante alios, quantum *Pegasus* ibat equos.
 Hei mihi ! cur tetricæ ruperunt fila Sorores ?
 Cur stabat vacuâ tam citò *Parca* colo ?
 Cûrve ferox Miles vultus laniare decoros
 Sustinuit ? ferro durior ipse suo ;
Dulce decus Patriæ ! cur te temerarius ardor
 In medios enses, sœvâque tela tulit ?
 Sors levis ut solita est rapit optima, præterit ima,
 Hei mihi tam dubias injicit illa manus !

Quàm

Quam vellem hostiles pro Te cecidisse cohortes ;
 Cum Duce non tanti tota caterva fuit :
Tu tamen, heu facinus, turmis jugulatus ab ipsis,
 Pressisti duram sanguinolentus humum ;
 Nec *Species*, *Virtusve Tibi*, nec profuit *Ætas* ;
 Pro Patriâ (*Patriæ Gloria*) magne jaces.
 Semper honos, laudes, & splendida facta manebunt ;
 Nunquam Lethæis ista dabuntur aquis.
 Vos igitur tristes tandem compescite luctus,
 Nec calido madidas imbre rigate genas :
 Qui modò plorâstis, Lacrymas teneatis, Amici ;
 Non potuit *fato nobiliore mori*.

G. F.



Obsequies



O B S E Q U I E S

On the untimely Death, of the never to
bee too much praised and pitied

FRANCIS Lord VILLIERS.

HEnce fond *Philosophie*! it cannot bee ;
The crazie World crawl's t' his last Jubilee ;
And though the Circle of the Year hath been
A Snake in embleme, it can't cast his skin.
At leaft I can't beleev't ; when everie daie,
Som stately piece is swallowed up in claie ;
When *Cedars* feel the fate of *Shrubs*, and when
Great *Peers* expire, and tamely die like men.
How could'ft *Thou* elf thus steal away unheard,
Without a Troop of Angels for thy guard ?
Without th' *Artillerie* of the Clouds, at this
Thy great and glorious *Metempſycoſis* ?
The Age is sure forgetful ; or perchance
Nature Her ſelf laie Bed-rid in a Trance,

As

And those *Torch-Constellations* which shine
 At others Herves, were all fet in Thine ;
 As if they fell with Thee, and Fate would have
 Their *Chaös* clymacterick with Thy Grave.

But, why do I epitomize a Theme
 In this small Scedule which deserv's a Ream ?
 A Theme whose charming Magick might inspire
 A cold *Carthusian* ; and with *Enthean* fire
 Kindle fuch raptures, as may re-ingage
 Those *Buskin-Bonaerges* of our Age
 To Personate Thee with more lively tread,
 And in loud language shew the world who's dead.
 Let brave *Bellona*, who hath lately known
 Thy *Meeds*, proclaim them ; and with War-like tone,
 High as the sulphur-breathing-Brafs, inlarge
 Thy spreading triumphs, and report her charge ;
 Shee, Shee shall rear Thy Trophies, and displaie
 Thy matchleſs Chivalrie, on that black daie
 Thou copd'ſt with Destinie, and did'ſt resign
 Thy *Temporal-Title*, for a more *Divine*.
 Nor could Thy Courage ſtop, or make a pauf,
 Where *Honor* call'd ſo loud ; and fuch a *Cauſ*

As

As might provoke an *Hermit*, and make room
 With His own Flame to meet His Martyrdom.
 Armed with these resolv's, encountring Fear
 Thou foild'ſt her quite, whil'ſt in a brave career
 Thou did'ſt out-dare the *Destinies*, and tread
 A loftie measure through whole showres of Lead ;
 (Spight of the furie of th' opposing croud)
 Cleaving Thy waie, like Lightning, through a Cloud.

Thus mid'ſt these tragick Triumphs wer't Thou hurl'd
 With loud *Field-Musick* from th' affrighted world,
 A Conqueror o're Thy doom ; witnes that Peal
 And vocal *Vollie* which chim'd forth Thy Knell ;
 To tell the world Thy Merit, maugre Fate
 Still, ſtill ſurvice's, and is Invulnercate.
 How large the ſtorie, or how ample ; wee'l
 Not now remember, ſince 'twas writ with ſteel
 And register'd in Blood. Th' indented Face
 (Though no great Volume) was the *Common-Place*,
 And *Index* of Thy Valor : everie ſcar
 Seeming at leaſt ſom miſtick *Character* ;
 While's wee admire thofe *Marginal Notes*, and vext,
 Wee cannot *Comment* on ſo deep a *Text*.

F

But

But why do I revolv the short-writ-storie
 Of fading Youth ; or recollect the Glorie
 Of Thy blest Beautie (which though once the Throne
 Oth' Lillie and Rose) was blasted before blown ?
 Prepo'strous Fate ! t' anticipate and bring
 On Winter e're Thou did'st enjoie Thy Spring !
 To obnubilate Thy Morning-Sun, and shroud
 Thy dawning splendor in a gloomie Cloud !
 But ah ! Complaints are shadows, and too brief
 To shew the world Thy Goodness or our Grief ;
 Nor can wee circumscribe, or with weak sens
 Define Thy Merit, which is so immens.
 Alas ! wee knew 't was not the Cob-web-shrine
 Of Flesh could lodg so bright a Soul as Thine ;
 T' was not a Cabinet of Cliae could hold
 So rich a Jewel ; nor the brittle Mould
 Of Earth contain a *Seraphin*, in all
 His blest dimensions so Angelical.
 Why shoud wee fondly then repine ; or why
 Thus pitie Him, wee rather should envie ?
 His state transcend's our Passions ; nor may wee
 Reverf or Counterman'd Heav'ns grand *Decree* :

Though Wee could weep a deluge to ingrofs
Our Griefs, and make them ample as His Lofs.

And You bleſt *Madam* (mirror of Your Sex,
And wonder of our Age) furceal to vex
Your Soul wth sad Remembrance ; whiles You smother
And burie quick all Comforts in a *Brother*.

Those *Diamond-Tears* You daily shed (of more
Account then all those on the *Indian* shore)
Are spent in vain ; and You profusely prize
His loſs, to waste the Treasure of Your eies.
His *Fame* require's no Monumental-ftone,
Nor Epitaph ; why ſhould You then bemoan
His Funeral-*Obſequies*, and thus make room
Ith' *Tablet* of Your *Heart*, t' erect His *Tomb*,
Where You, bleſt *Votareſs*, piouſly resign
Your Sighs, as *Incens*, offer'd at His *Shrine*.

Whil'ſt in the Torrent of theſe *Tears* You fwim ;
Madam, You do bewail Your *Self*, not *Him*
Who foar's above Your Sorrows ; and ſit's in
Commission, with ſom bleſt *Cherubin*,
Inthron'd in thoſe Celeſtial Mansions, where
Hee ſhine's like Heaven's bright *Champion*, in His *Sphere*



On the MARTYRDOM
Of His Late
MAJESTIE, &c.

Com, com, let's Mourn ; all eies, that see this *Daie*,
Melt into Showrs, and Weep your selvs awaie :
O that each Private head could yield a Flood
Of Tears, whil'st *Britain's Head* stream's out His Blood ;
Could wee paie what His *Sacred Drops* might claim,
The World must needs bee drowned once again.
Hands cannot write for Trembling ; let our Eie
Supplie the Quill, and shed an *Elgie*.
Tongues cannot speak ; this Grief know's no such vent,
Nothing, but Silence, can bee Eloquent.
Words are not here significant ; in This
Our Sighs, our Groans bear all the *Emphasis*.
Dread

Dread SIR! What shall wee saie? *Hyperbole*
 Is not a Figure, when it speak's of *Thee*:
 Thy *Book* is our best Language; what to this
 Shall e're bee added, is Thy *Meiosis*:
 Thy *Name*'s a *Text* too hard for us: no men
 Can write of it, without *Thy Parts* and *Pen*.

Thy *Prifons, Scorns, Reproach, and Povertie*
 (Though these were thought too courteous Injurie)
 How could'ft Thou bear? Thou Meeker *Moses*, how?
 Was ever *Lion* bit with *Whelps* till now
 And did not roar? Thou *England's David*, how
 Did *Shimei's Tongue* not move Thee? Where's the Man?
 Where is the *King*? CHARLS is all *Christian*.
 Thou never wanted'ft Subjects, no; when they
 Rebell'd, Thou mad'ft Thy Passions to obeie.
 Had'ft Thou regain'd Thy Throne of State by Power,
 Thou had'ft not then been more a *Conqueror*.

But Thou, thine own *Soul's Monarch*, art above
 Revenge and Anger, Can'ft Thou tame Thy Love?
 How could'ft Thou bear Thy *Queen's Divorce*? must Shee
 At once Thy *Wife*, and yet Thy *Widdow* bee?

Where are Thy tender *Babes* once Princely bred,
 Thy choicest Jewels, are They *Sequestred* ?
 Where are Thy Nobles ? Lo, in stead of these
 Base savage Villains, and Thine Enemies :
Egyptian Plague ! 'twas onely *Pharaoh's* doom,
 To see such Vermin in His Lodging-room.
 What Guards are set, what Watches do they keep ?
 They do not think Thee safe, though lock't in *Sleep*.
 Would they confine Thy Dreams within to dwell,
 Nor let Thy Fancie pass their *Centinel* ?
 Are Thy *Devotions* dangerous ? Or do
 Thy *Praiers* want a Guard ? These faultie too ?
 Varlets, 't was onely, when they spake for You.

But lo a Charge is drawn, a Daie is set,
 The silent LAMB is brought, the *Wolves* are met.
Law is arraign'd of Treafon, *Peace* of War,
 And *Justice* stand's a Prisoner at the Bar.
 This *Scene* was like the *Passion-Tragedie*,
 His *Saviour's* Person none could Act, but Hee.
 Behold what *Scribes* were here, what *Pharisees* !
 What *bands of Souldiers* ! What *false witnessses* !

Herc

Here was a *Priest*, and that a *Chief* one ; who
Durst strike at *God*, and His *Vicegerent* too.

Here *Bradshaw*, *Pilate* there : This make's them twain,
Pilate for *Fear*, *Bradshaw* condemn'd for *Gain*.

Wretch ! could'ft not thou bee rich, till *Charls* was dead ?
Thou might'ft have took the *Crown*, yet spar'd the *Head*.
Th' haft justifi'd that *Roman* Judg ; Hee stood
And washt in *Water*, thou haft dipt in *Blood*.

And where's the Slaughter-Hous? *White-hall* must bee,
Lately His *Palace*, now His *Calvarie*.

Great *CHARLS*, is this Thy Dying-place ? And where
Thou wer't our *KING*, art Thou our *MARTYR* there ?
Thence, thence Thy Soul took flight ; and there will wee
Not ceaf to *Mourn*, where Thou did'ft ceaf to *Bee*.

And thus, bleft Soul, Hee's gon : a *Star*, whose fall,
As no *Eclips* prove's *Oecumenical*.

That Wretch had *skill* to fin, whose Hand did know
How to behead three Kingdoms at one blow.

England hath lost the Influence of Her *KING*,
No wonder that fo backward was Her *Spring*.
O dismal *Daie* ! but yet how quickly gon ?
It must bee short, Our *SUN* went down at *Noon*.

And now, yee *Senators*, is this the Thing
 So oft declar'd; Is this your *Glorious King*?
 Did you by *Oaths* your God, and Countrie mock,
 Pretend a *Crown*, and yet prepare a *Block*?
 Did you, that fwore you'd Mount CHARLS higher yet,
 Intend the *Scaffold* for His *Olivet*?
 Was this, *Hail Master*? Did you bow the knee
 That you might murder Him with *Loialtie*?
 Alas! two Deaths! what Crueltie was this?
 The *Ax* design'd, you might have spar'd the *Kiss*.
 London, did'ft thou Thy Prince's Life betraie?
 What? could thy *Sables* vent no other waie?
 Or elf did'ft thou bemoan His *Cross*? then, ah!
 Why would'ft thou bee the cursed *Golgotha*?
 Thou once hadst Men, Plate, Arms, a Treasurie
 To bind thy KING, and hast thou none to *free*?
 Dull beast! thou should'ft, before thy *Head* did fall,
 Have had at least thy Spirits *Animal*.

Did You, Yee *Nobles*, envie CHARLS His *Crown*?
Jove beeing fal'n the *Punie-gods* must down:
 Your Raies of *Honor* are eclip'st in Night,
 The *Sun* is set, from whence You drew your *Light*.

Religion

Religion Vail's her self ; and Mourn's that shee
Is forc'd to own such horrid Villanie.
The *Church* and *State* do shake ; that Building must
Exspe&t to fall, whose *Prop* is turn'd to *Dust*.
But ceaf from Tears. CHARLS is of light bereav'n ;
And snuft on *Earth* to shine more bright in *Heav'n*.



Vota



Place this after *pag.* 72.



Vota Phileireni Anglii.

^a **L**ilia *Cârle*, ^b Rosas *Henrice*, & ^c Regna *Jacobe*
Junxitis; coeânt Lilia, Regna, Rosæ.
Associata diu maneant, unâque morentur
Grata, virescentes, Lilia, Regna, Rosæ.
Sit CAROLUS Magno Major, sit Maximus, & quo
FÆDERE CAUSSA stetit, CAUSSA superba ruat.
Te ^d *Lyra* mulcet, avétque ^e *Leo*, observántque ^f *Leones*,
^g *Lilia* cùmque Rosis Te recreare student:
Una Fides, confórsque Salus, Deus unus *Iernum*,
Scotum, *Anglum*, *Wallum*, Pace vigente beent.

^a Fædere Matrimoniali, cum Galliâ inito. ^b Fædera inter domus Lancast. & Ebor. ^c Scotiæ & Angliæ. ^d Hybernæ. ^e Scotiæ. ^f Angliæ, ^g Galliæ. Insignia in fcuto Regio.



Consilium Phileireni Anglii.

REgi Sceptra, Deus Regi sacraverat Enses,
^{*} Quæ Regis Regi redde, Deique Deo.

* τὰ τὸν Καλσάπος Καλσαῖ, τὰ τὸν Θεὸν Θεῷ.

The



The Requiem or Libertie of an Imprisoned Royalist. G.M.

B Eat on proud Billows, *Boreas* blow ;
Swel curled Waves high as *Jove's* Roof ;
Your Inabilitie shall know

That *Innocence* is Tempest-proof.

Though Surlie *Nereus* roar's, my thoughts are calm,
Then strike Affliction ; for thy wounds are *Balm*.

That which the world mif-call's A *Gaole*,
A private Closet is to mee ;
Whil'ft a good *Conscience* is my Bail
And *Innocence* my Libertie.

Locks, Barrs, Walls, Loannes though together met,
Make mee no prisoner but an *Anchorct*.

I, while I wisht to bee Retir'd,
Into the private room was turn'd ;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
A Salamander should bee burn'd :

d 2

And

And like those *Sophies* who would drown a Fish
I am condemn'd to suffer what I wish.

The *Pagan Cynick* hugg's his povertie ;
The *Pelican* her wildernes :
And 'tis the *Indian* pride to lie
Naked on frozen *Caucaſus*.

Contentment cannot smart ; *Stoicks* wee fee
Make Torments easie by their *Apathie*.

These Manicles upon mine arm,
I, as my Sweet-heart's favors wear,
And then to keep my ancles warm
I have fom Iron shackles there.

The walls are but my *Garrison*, this Cell
Which man call's *Gaol*, doth prove my *Cittadel*.

So hee that struck at *Jafon*'s Life
Thinking h' had made his purpose fure,
By a malicious friendly Knife
Did onely wound him to a Cure.

Malice I see want's wit ; for what is meant
Mischief, oft-times prove's favor by th'event.

I'm

I'm in this Cabinet lockt up,
Like som high priz'd *Margarite* ;
And like som great *Mogul* or *Pope*,
I'm cloistered up from publick sight.
Retir'dnes is a point of *Majeftie*,
And thus (proud *Sultan*) I'm as great as *Thee*.

Here *Sin* for want of food doth ferv,
Where *Tempting Viands* are not seen ;
And here ftrong walls do onely ferv
To keep vice out not keep mee in ;
Malice of late's grown Charitable fure,
I'm not *committed*, onely kept *secure*.

When once my *Prince* affliction hath,
Prosperitie doth *Treason* seem ;
And then to smooth fo rough a Path
I can learn patience too from Him.
Now not to suffer shew's no loial heart,
When Kings want eas Subjects must love to smart.

What though I cannot fee my K I N G
Either in's Person or his Coin,

Yet contemplation is a thing
Which render's what I have not mine ;
 My King from mee what Adamant can part,
 Whom I can wear ingraven in my *heart*.
My Soul is free as th' Ambient Air,
Although my baser parts Immur'd ;
Whilst *Loial* thoughts do still require
To companie my Solitude :
 And though Rebellion maie my bodie binde,
 My King can onely captivate my minde.

Have you not seen the *Nightingale*
When turn'd a *Pilgrim* to a Cage,
How shee doth sing her wonted tale
In that her narrow Hermitage ?
 Even there her chirping melodies do prove
 That all her Barrs are *trees*, her cage a *grove*.
I am the *Bird* whom they combine
Thus to deprive of *Libertie* ;
And though they do my corps confine
Yet maugre Fate my *Soul* is *free*,
 And though Immur'd, yet I can chirp and sing
 Disgrace to *Rebels*, Glorie to my *King*.

Mufarum

Φωνὴ διάφορη διάφορη διάφορη διάφορη διάφορη διάφορη διάφορη διάφορη

M U S A R U M 'Αναγόγια :

Sive,

Σχετλιασικόν.

*Quod Augustissimo CAROLO, per summum
Scelus à Perduellionibus Occiso, post Alterum
Mensem elapsum, nemo Epitaphio Parentaret.*

DUm vera nimiūm Fama discerpti *Orphēi*,
Urbes scelesto *Mænadum* compleverat
Graias furore, *Pegasēus* Latex
(Flentes Camænæ immane quem solitas super
Alluere ripas lachrymis labentibus)
Alto fusfurro gemuit, & mæstum Caput,
Impar dolori, condidit : tandememicans
Cæcis latebris, lætiori murmure
Aliis sub *Astris* *Vena* terris exilit :
Omnis relictis *Musa Parnassi* jugis
Huc convolavit, persequens notas Aquas.
Haud aliter ardens quando *Civilis* Furor
Æquaret altas *Britonum* Turres solo,

Ausúsque & ipsum C A R O L U M laceſſere
(Quo nemo *Phæbo* charior) fugit tremens
Phæbi Satelles, Musa Satyrorum ungulis
Liquit bifulcis trepida fædatis Aquas :
Mox H o p i t a l e s , solo sub novo, Lares
Exul requiriet & peregrinum Nemus
Bardi quel i s p e r f o n a t *Brittannici* ;
Nullúsque ad *Iſidos* Cygnus auditur Vada,
Ripásque *Cami*, umbrísque *Phæbo* cognitis ;
Ubi ludit Inſulis amænioribus
Charvelliūs, murósque V A N F L E T I lavat.
Implérat Orbem Luna repetitâ vice,
C A R O L I N U S ex quo fusus (heu !) ſparsit cruor
Ferale *Pegma*, Lictor infauſtâ manu
Dum jufſa peragit impii *Senatuli* :
Siléntque *Vates transfugæ*, ut noſter dolor
Nec ferre d a m n u m p o ſ ſ i t , nec d i g n è q u e r i .
Superi Deorum ! nulla lacrymabilem
Extundit Elegum ? pulsa *Libertas, Fides*,
Violata *Sacra, C A R O L U S O C C I S U S* ! mala
Tot ! tanta ! tacito nos coërcemus ſinu ?
C A R O L I N A villes Fata percurrent colos,

Albá-

Albáque chartâ inglorios Viros juvat
Infantia ingratos, & imbelles Timor ?
At (O pudendum *perditæ Genti scelus !*)
Sic cecidit H E R O S D E C I M U S, & scelere pari,
Infamis Ætas tradidit silentio.
Quid querimur autem Vana ? nec *numeris eget*
Innumera virtus, nec Modis superans modum,
Sed nec Superstes næniis Pietas habet
Viætura Genium : *C A R O L U M* cœlo inferunt
Sacræ Vigiliæ: vivit U R A N I A S U A,
Debetque soli *Virbius* Famam sibi :
B E L L O N E G A N T E V O T A M O N U M E N T U M D A B U N T.

In

Φανταστικόν Φανταστικόν Φανταστικόν Φανταστικόν Φανταστικόν Φανταστικόν Φανταστικόν

*In Serenissimæ Majestatis Regiæ
Librum qui ἡπιητλρῆς Εἰκὼν Βασιλικῆ.*

Hee who but write's, or read's must now chastise
His tears, and change the habit of his eies ;
Not live on Death, nor wrong great CHARLS his Herf
With weeping tender *Prose* or sobbing *Verf* ;
Compound with sorrows, *flatter* grief ; then look
Upon His Resurrection, *His Book* :
In this Hee live's to us ; His parts are here
All recompos'd in the best *Character*,
So exquisitely drawn, it hand's our sens
To This, his *Charitie* That, His *Patience*.
And if you'l scan the virtues ; all the rest
Are Marshal'd in the Treasurie of His Breast.

New fashion'd Monsters view't, here you may see
Your hideous Selvs, and horrid *Pedegree*
Sprung from grim *Pilat's Court*, blazon'd with all
Th' Artillerie of *Thorns* and stock of *Gall* ;
Tyrants beyond *Hyperbole* ; and it fall's

A *Mei-*

A *Meijis* to call you *Canibals* ;
And they that tearm you cruel faie but thus,
Nero is just, or *Thaïs* amorous,
These sacred Oracles inform more clear
Then Satan's furlie *Delphos WESTMINSTER.*
Divinities new mirror ; whose whole storie
May bee the *Christian's* seconde *Inventorie*,
Religion's *Landskip* ; and the abstracted Sum
Of what is past, th' Account of what's to com.
* Great *CHARLS* his *pious Tripod*, hee that spell's
Take's Mysteries and swallow's Oracles : * *Apophtheg-
mata.*
The *Pythagorean Trine*, whence numbers spread
To infinite, are yet confin'd i'th Head.
A *Trinitie* of lights new sprung, that pour's
A stream of *Day* into these Nights of ours.
Our Sun, and Moon, and starrs, whose beams dispense
By Courf their heat, and light, and influence.
Wee'l lodg our pilgrim thoughts ; and here confine
(Spight of *Chimere plus ultra*) to this *Mine*
Of Heavenly treasures, where th' unfathom'd store
Surround's us with a sweet despair of more.

J. A.



Memoriæ Sacrum Pientissimi

Martyris C A R O L I Primi;

Hexasticon.

HEE that can *spell* a Sigh, or *read* a Tear,
Pencil amazement, or *accent* a fear ;
Hee that hath *learnt* all grief by *Heart* ; Hee, Hee,
Is onely fit to write *Thine Elegie*,
Unfathom'd K I N G, who art so deep a Text
Writ in *This Age*, but *understood* i'th *Next*.


Orpheus



O R P H E U S his Discerption :
Or
*The Muses Mourning for
the Death of the K I N G.*

COm my *Corinna*, let's go straie,
And entertain an harmleſſ daie

Within *Parnassus* ſafe retreat,
Upon whose Verdure wee'l repeat

A ſweeter tale

Then Nightingale

Did there e're Chant, for all her throat
A thorn *keep's time* to everie note.

But hark, what mean's this ſhreek and crie ?
I ſee no track of enemie ;
And yet mee thinks this *Laureal Mount*
Discolor's yellow round about ;

Though through theſe baies
Phœbus diſplaie's

His hottest beams, yet wee have ſeen

His

His care to keep his own trees green.

See, see wilde *Satyrs* how they run
All smear'd with blood ; what have they don ?
The *Muses* in a rout do straie,
Phœbus hath flung his Harp away,
And here's a *Crown*
Com's tumbling down :
The head roll's after which it did wear
Whose blood and plaints yet sad's the air.

Woe's me! this is A P O L L I O N
Born of the clearest beams o'th' *Sun*.
But with what gentle touch the *Nine*
His torn joints gather for a shrine,
 And everie limb
 Do deck and trim,
Whil'st grief their *numbers* wrack whereby
They promis'd Him *Eternitie*,

See how they fit Him for an *Urn*,
And His fine beams to dust do turn,
According to that Art, whereby
Nights may bee daie, by *Chimistrie* ;

So that *Calcin'd*
Though here Hee's *shrin'd*,
Hee may spring out in purer *light*
And bee *disvelopt* from this *Night*.

The *Graces* never did becom
His life so well as *Martyrdom* ;
For Hee a tottering stage betrod
Each step refining to a God :
And though each *word*
Could charm the *Sword*
Which did *unsheath* His Soul, yet Hee
Thus *raffl'd* out *Mortalitie*.

These Graces, which securely laie
And about his eies did straie,
Protected by His *Majestie*,
Now wear His fable *liverie* ;
And fthrew the flowers
Of these sweet bowers
Before the *Coars*, whil'st thus the *Nine*
Their last notes sing unto his *Shrine*.

Softly

*Softly, softly, let us move
With these Crums of Majestie ;
What know wee but the Gods above
All the rest do Deifie ?
No Cesar e're did Sacrifice
Himself in Triumph, and thus make
Atonement for his Enemies
At his Capitolian Gate.*

*Bold band ! how could'ſt thou ſteddie aim
With a heart falſ like thy face,
To lop off a Diadem
About thy feet a Dance to pace ?
Maiſt thou not on a pillow lay
Thy own head to bee charm'd with reſt,
But thy Infernal Socia may
Bee likewiſe lodg'd within thy brest.*

*These ſhades bereft of patronage
As our fountain of its Spring,
Are now but a grave hermitage
The fate to Echo of our K I N G.
Yee Gods with whom Hee now doth ſtraine*

Let

*Let us wh' ave lost the vein of Vers
Whil'st Hee doth tread the milkie waie,
Stand still as Statues at his Herf.*

Mee think's (*Corinna*) you and I
At these sad sights should petrifie :
And what a *Monument* shoudl wee have
If wee stood fix't near such a *grave* ?

But let's return

Ever to mourn

E're wee get to our *Grots* these grones
Will bee imprest' into our stones :
Just so the sand beneath doth take
Those figures, which the waves do make.

f

On



*On the execrable Murther of
C H A R L S the First,*

U P fad M E L P O M E N E, up and condole
The Ruins of *three Realms* ; attire thy Soul
In sorrow's Robes : O let thy *Fountains* rise
And over-flow the *Flood-gates* of thine eies.
Fill up thy *Sanguin Cisterns* to the Brim,
Spread forth th' expanded arms and strive to swim
In *Brittain's Tears* ; that thus thou mai'ft make known
The grief of Others, fully as thine Own.
Oh ! here's a *Theam* indeed ! if Christians could
Not now lament, the *Rocks* and Mountains would.
The melting Heavens whose Influences steep
The stubborn stone, would teach us now to weep.
The blood bedewed Earth doth *blush* to see
This horrid *Maffacre*, and shall not wee ?
Sure should wee not, wee had less sens then *Those*
Rebels the first fomentors of these *Woes*.
Who then can ceaf from Tears or Mourning, when

The

The best of *Kings* fall's by the worst of *Men*?
Dire *Regicim*! which to define, or spel
Would conjure Horror in an *Infidel*:
'Twould *Civilize a savage* Brest and dint
Melting impression in a heart of flint.

And is there no Respect? must *Scepters* have
The fate of *Sheep-hooks* and the self-same grave?
Could the bright *eie* of *Heaven* the glorious Sun,
See *Roial* streams like common gutturs run,
And not withdraw his glimmering beams, and bee
Himself *close Mourner* at this *Obsequie*?
And now poor *Britain*, since shee hoth lost so *just*,
So *good*, so *great* a *Prince*, Repent's in *duſt*
And *afhes*, threatning to Convert and turn
Her towers in flames, as torches to His *Urn*;
Whiles all her glories too, wax wan, and pale
Frighted and discomposed in the *Fall*
Of CHARLS the *great*, whose *Tragedie* doth portend
Earth's *dissolution*, and the world's just *end*.



On the Martyrdom of Charls the First, late King of great Brittain, &c.

Angels for Pens Un-Imp your *Heavenly Wings*,
To *Epitaph* the best of *Earthly K I N G S* ;
Man's *unfledg'd fancies* flie too low a pitch
To reach a *subject* so *sublime*, so *rich*.
For Ink, take *Amber* from the weeping *Stars*,
That your blest art may *Diamond* the skars,
Which Snake-fed-envie eat's into the storie
Of *Him* that was the *Crown of England's glorie*.
And if you deign to undergo this task,
Hee shall bee foremost in the *Royal Mask*
Of all *King-Martyrs*, nor, though Fate hath thus
Uutimely snatch't us from *Him*, *Him* from us,
Will anie of His Vassals here disdain
To stoop and bear up His victorious Train,
Who fell both for the Church, and People's good
Sealing great Brittain's Charter with his Blood.

A peni-


*A Penitential Ode for the Death
Of King C H A R L S-*

STaie! staie (good People) stint the *Hue and Crie!*
Seek you the *Murderer?* 'Tis Murderous *I.*

Saie not five Earls

Murder'd King CHARLS,

Nor that one Signal *Lord*

(Villain upon Record :)

Saie not the *Commons*, nor the *Armie*,

Citi, nor Judges; onely I did harm yee:

To stop the Hue and Crie,

It is confess', 'Twas onely Murderous *I.*

Whom seek yee? was my *Savior's Question*, when
The Traitor *Judas* with his band of Men

Did seek his Blood:

Who ne're withstood,

But Answer'd, *I am Hee!*

Th' Innocent, from all evil free.

But *I* (Blood-guiltie *I*) alas !

f 3

Am both the *Traitor* and the *Barabbas* !
To stop your Hue and Crie,
It is confess', 'Twas onely murderous *I*.

My Lust the *Judas* was, which led the Rout
Of my un-bridled Passions, to finde out,
And Crucifie
His *Majestie*
My Wrath and Malice too,
Conspir'd Him to undo :
Yet must *Barabbas*, Bloodie *I*
Acquitted stand, and my Dear *Soveraign* die.
But stop the Hue and Crie,
'Tis still confess', 'tis onely Murderous *I*.

Though *Pontius Bradshaw* did in Judgment fit,
And *Cook* dres'd Hel-bred Sophistrie with Wit,
To drain the Blood,
Of *CHARL S* the *Good* :
And strike the *ROYAL HEART*,
Not by Evidence but Art :
These were but *Fire* and *Wood* ! but who did bring ?
Or wher's the *Lamb* for a *Burnt-Offering* ?
Let ev'rie Penitent *Loialift* now Crie,
'Twas *sinful England* ! but most *sinful I* !

ON



On the Barbarous Decollation of King C H A R L S the First.

MY Soul hold out with Grief, and let the brim
Of wonted sorrows swel beyond : for *Him*
Weep above *Ela* : for no Common strain
Of sighs, will serv to mourn our *Charle-main*.
Wee should weep *Wonders* that the World may know
Tears have no power to mitigate our *Wo*.
Stab *Rebels* with each vers, and let thy keen
Iambicks shew there's Loialtie in *Spleen*.
Let all thy *sighs* have *tongues*, and everie groan
Language enough to hurl Confusion
On those damn'd Traitors who have stoln our Sun
Away, from our unhappy Horizon.
Now 'tis a *Zeal* to Curs, and imprecate
Vengeance on them who are the general Hate
Of *Heaven*, and *Earth*. 'Tis Treason to bee dumb
And silence our good C H A R L S His *Martyrdom*.
Wee spoil the Glorie of our Tears if wee

Weep

Weep not his Murderers to Extasie.
W' have no waie elf to magnifie our Moans
But to nois out their *blood-shed*, with our *groans*.
But staie ; I've found an Antidote for Grief ;
Our sorrow's not so desperate, but Relief
May in som measure paie our losf, though *Hee*
Bee gon, which was The *Graces Hierarchie*,
Root of our Joie, Learning's *Epitome* ;
The *Soul* of Goodnes, sum of *Sanctitie* :
Yet wee have *Branches* left of that great *Stem*
Fit to re-wear *England's* left *Diadem*.
Then though our *Fate* bee sad, yet let our Fears
Vanish in this : That all our just Arrears
Of Grief for C H A R L'S his Death cannot bee don
In better *Paie*, then to *Enthrone* His SON.

Vaticinii



Natus May: 29. An: 1630. Etatis sue 19.



Au Roy de la grand Bretaigne.

O D E.

Dieu, *Protecteurs de l' Innocence,*
Pouués vous encor résister;
A faire bien tost é clatter
Les foudres de vostre vengeance?
N'aues vous pas assez tenté;
De fléchir par l' Impunité
Ces âmes pleines de Malice?
Et n'est il pas bien tost faison
De faire agir vostre Justice
Puis qu'on foule aux pieds la Raison?

2. *Je scay bien que vostre Tonnerre,*
Gronde long temps sur les Humains,
Auant qu'il parte de vos mains
Pour venir foudroyer la Terre:
Les hauts chesnes sont menacez,
Premier que d'estre terrassez
Par les sécoucesses des tempestes;
Et je scay que vostre Bonté
Ne frappe qu'à regret nos tefles
Des coups qu'elles ont merité.

3. *Mais*

Place this between *Folio 74, 75.*

3. *Mais lors que des Perfides Ames,
Par leurs desseins audacieux,
On porté jusque dans les Cieux
Les éclats des Civilles Flâmes :
Lors que jusques dans les Enfers
Ils ont esté chercher des fers,
Afin d'armer Leurs Barbaries ;
Devez vous pas, Dieux Tout-puissans,
Faire choir ces Noires Furies
Aux Prieres des Innocens ?*

4. *Desia de huit Hyuers les Marbres
Brisent leurs cristaux inconstans.
E'desia huit fois le Printemps
Rend leur verte dépouille aux arbres :
Depuis que ces Cœurs de Rocher,
Qui n'ont que la forme de chair,
S'endurcissans dedans leurs crimes ;
Pillent sans restitution
Trois Peuples, rendus les victimes
De leur sanglante Ambition.*

5. *Nul*

5. *Nul Sexe, Rang, ny Privilege,
Du Roy jusques au Laboureur,
Né peu décliner la fureur
De leur Cruanité Sacrilege :
Tous Aziles sont violez,
Mille beaux Palais desolez
De leur rage portent les marques ;
Bref, leurs Complots noirs & méchans
Ont laffé le Ciseau des Parques
Dedans les Villes & les Champs.*

6. *Leur insatiable Avarice,
S'attacquant mesme aux Immortels,
De la dépouille des Autels
A presque fait le Ciel complice :
Car déguisant sa Lascheté
Sous un masque de Pieté,
Qui pour le fruit donne l'écorce :
Elle enforcelle la Raison,
Et sous cette traitresse amorce
Abbreuee l'ame de poison.*

Mais

7. Mais c'est en vain, Race Maudite,
Que pour colorer vos deffeins,
Dessous des visages de Saints
Vous cachez un Cœur Hypocrite :
Vostre Zèle malicieux,
Deuant le Tribunal des Cieux
Découvre à nud son imposture ;
C'est un Flot q'yon ne peut calmer ;
C'est un Feu, Duquel la Nature
Ne prend plaisir qu'à consumer.

8. Puisse enfin ce Zèle prophane,
Leur faire auoir le mesme sort
Du Grec, quia paya de sa mort
Le Temple bruslé de Diane :
Que leurs Noms demeurent fameux
Dans la race de nos Neueux
Parla honte de leurs Supplices ;
Et puisse la Postérité,
Considerant leurs Precipices,
Douter s'ils ont jamais esté.

9. Mais

9. *Mais non : il faut que ton Histoire,
CHARLES, Ressource de nos inaux,
Pour Chef-dæuvre de Tes Trauaux
En éternise la Memoire :
C'est la volonté des Destins
Qu'on voye unjour sur ces mutins
Ta juste Colere assouvie ;
Et que leur Fameux Chastiment
Dedans le recit de Ta vie
Trouue à jamais son monument.*

10. *Va donc, que le Ciel Te prospere,
Contre ces Titans inhumains,
Et consacre Tes jeunes Mains
A vanger Le Sang de Ton PERE :
O ROY ! pour qui tout l'Uniuers
Fait les mesmes veux que mes Vers,
Te souhaittant des jours plus calmes :
La rage de ces Aquilons
Ne souffle, q'ua fin que Tes PALMES
Croissent mieux sous leurs Tourbillons.*

De



De Regis Magnæ Britanniæ CAROLI I.
in Insulam Vectim secessu, sub finem
Anni MDCXLVII.

Dum propè septenum Civili in Marte Decembrem,
Infula Magna, olim Pacis alumna, subit :
Dum petit infando Sceptri pia jura Tumultu,
Et ciet iratos in sua* Vota Deos :
Impia dum tutas CAROLO negat *Anglia* Sedes :
Excipit Hunc parvo *Veclis** amica sinu.
Quid monstri hoc, *Britones*? Sol vester currit in ortum,
Quærit & Eoäs *Phæbus anhelus* aquas ?
Anne Thyestæam nova monstra æquantia cœnam
Ipse fugit, radiis ut nocitura suis ?
Scilicet, & retrò hinc vobis patet omnia ferri,
Vestrâque in adversas currere fata vices.
Definite infenos moniti jam temnere Divos ;
Sin minùs, æternâ nocte cavete tegi.

* Allusio ad nomen Engl. *Votes*. * Tunc enim putabatur Regis securitati invigilatura, & ab ejus partibus statura.

Ad



Ad Eundem.

Postquam *S. M.* adfuisset in Insulæ
Vectis Conventūs tempore, sub
finem *Anni MDCXLVIII.*

HAud aliter læto Phœbum post nubila spectat
Lumine jam longo quassa carina Noto :
Quàm me nunc Sacræ juvat oscula, CAROLE, dextræ
Figere ; quàm vultus posse videre tuos.
O REX ! venturis Pia quem Patientia feclis
Commendat, *Patriæ* prodit & esse *Patrem.*
Nunc quoquinque volet nectat Fortuna labores,
Sors mihi, Te viso, nulla nocere potest.



Upon



Upon His MAIESTIES Arrival at the Isle of *Wight.*

Let Turkie boast of *Empire* ; France of *Law* ;
Venice of *Site* ; *Gold*, *India* ; *Water*, *Spaw*.
Trade and *Religions*, *London*, *Amsterdam* ;
Of *Greatness* *Florence* ; or the *Tartar Cam*.
All these concenter in one spot, one span,
The Isle of *Wight*, and *CHARLS* the Ile of *MAN*.
A *MAN* whose mind's above the *Turkish Crest*,
A *KING* who make's good *Laws*, and keep's them best:
A *PRINCE* who like to well-built *Venice* stand's,
In mid'st of *Waters*, yet in fight of *Lands* :
Whose Roial Breast's an *India*, where's a *Mint*
Of *Golden* thoughts ; base ones were ne're coin'd in't.
Whose *Gift* (as waters have a fame) can heal
Th' *Evil*, Oh would it might the *Common-weal* !
Hee trade's not in *Religions* ; yet own's one
Profest by most, Practis'd by *Him*, or none.
Fortunate *Isle* ! to thee ill fortune bring's
If not the *Greatest*, yet the *Best* of *Kings*.



Vaticinii Votivi Palæmonis Coronis.

Ver rediit, spirânsque Pater per cuncta vigorem
Cynthius, obliquum jam penè retrogradus orbem
 Exegit; vicibúsque suis nova pensa revolvens
 Dispulit è Cœlo nimbos, Terrâque fugavit
 Squallentes Hyemis vultus, Austrósque furentes:
 Ex quò jam meliore olim concepta PALÆMON
 Spe sua vota fovens, animo tua fata recurrit,
Gens Britonum malefana, & te miratur in illis
 Non periisse malis, & adhuc spirantia vitæ
 Signa dare, ac propriis nondum occubuisse ruinis.
 Jam propè bis senas variis erroribus aëtam
 Latonam peragrâsse Domos stellantis Olympi,
 Flora redux, Floræque suis Philomela querelis
 Indivisa comes, *torpenti nunciat Anglo*:
 Ex quo, Fatorum non fat benè conscius, oris
 Tunc discedenti *Batavum* Tibi Vota PALÆMON
 CAROLE justa dedit: sed quamvis justa, supremo

Res

Res aliter tunc visa *Jovi* qui fata gubernat.
 Quippe ausis nimiū laxas immisit habenas
 Criminibus, totāmque dedit cumulare furorum
 Mensuram Sceleri, *Vindicta* ut grandior æquas
 Indicet poenas *Titanum crimine lap̄hs*.
 Sic visum est : ut quæ nimiā torpedine damni
 Conscia Plebs fuerat proprii, mutabile vulgus
 (Sed nimis heu ! ferò tandem !) sua fata doleret :
 Sic visum est superis : majori ut CAROLUS astris
 Infereret radio caput immortale coruscans ;
Quadruplicē inter divos fulgente *Coronā*
Martyrii æternam *sacro* in *Diadmate palmam*
 Necteret, & veros ferret de Morte Triumphos.
 Sic visum est : ut Tu cui *Jus Virtūsque* secundum
CAROLE jam *spes nostra, Locum Titulūmque* dedere,
Herculeos primā tentans cum pube *Labores*,
Dignus Avis & Patre, Tuis scelerata Triumphis
 Colla Rebellantum calcares, Justāque tandem
 Supplicia inferres vindex *Titanibus istis* ;
 Quorum ausis eversa jacent *Tria Regna* : prophano
 Quæ aggressi (ceu *Thessalicis* quum dextra *Gigantum*
 Montibus avulsum substravit *Pelion Offæ*)

Confilio

Confilio junxisse simul ; Sacrūmque Cacumen
 Scandere in his *Sceptri** violatā *Pace Britanni*,
 Et *Regum Divinque* imā radice revulsas
 Evertisse *Domos*, atque altitonantis Olympi
 Derisisse minas, complēsse & cædibus *Orbem*
Pacis amatorem, Pacisque insignia* *Sacris*
 Gestantem in Titulis. Ah ! *Quis nam talia fando*
Temperet à lacrymis? Sed Tu qui fata gubernas,
 Summe Pater, rerūmque gyris moderamine justo
 Ac sapiente præes, quondam hæc versurus in usum
 Permittis meliorem : atrox sua poena sequetur
 Aufa nefanda, olim & feros vindicta nepotes
 Abjurare Patrum detestarique docebit
 Nomen, & æternis viventia crimina chartis.

Talia, sed volvens animo majora, PALÆMON
 Verba, animi testes, mœstas ad *Tameſis* oras,
 Triftior ipſe ciens (nam tunc in *Tameſis* oris
 Luctus eum tenuit, postquam Te CAROLE, nobis
 Eripuit violenta manus, Cælōque locavit)
 Cantabat. Sed quis valeat cantare dolendo ?

* In binis eâ de re conciliis habitis, *Uxbridg.* & *Welfmon.* * Beati Pacifici.

Dūmque

Dúmque silent *Nymphæ* attonitæ ? vel arundine motâ
 Ceu cantus imitata *Syrinx* peccâsse veretur ;
 Hispidus obscuro latitat dum *Glaucus* in antro
 Fata gemens *Britonum* : dum sparsæ hinc indè *Napeæ*
 In fontes oculos vertunt, *Dryadumque* choreæ
 In cursus incompatitos, & *Panis* amores
 In luētus abeunt ; dum *Nereiū* ipse Tridentem
 Excussum cecidisse timet ; dum stagna profundis
 Penè refusa vadis *Divisos* orbe *Britannos*
 Concutiunt, mersâmque videt sub pondere *Gentem*
Quam magè dilexit terris ille omnibus unam.
 Talia quis valeat calamos inflare videndo ?
 Quis lacrymas cohibere ? istas linque ergò *PALÆMON*
 Et *Batavum* citus adnando te transfer in oras.
 Hic & enim amissi radians ut *Imago Parentis*
 CAROLUS alter adest, cuius spes Gloria nostras
 Eriget exoriens, *Tempestatumque* furentes
 Dispellet nimbos, & reddet gaudia Cœlo
 Atque solo *Britonum*, postquam satîs ira Deorum
 Sævierit, Dextrâque *Jovis* jam fracta revellent
 Peâtora vindictam minitantes fontibus ignes.
 Hic erit & votis locus amplior, hic & *Apollo*

Agna-

Agnatæque novem, tranquillâ Pace fruuntur,
 Litora tuta silent illic. Dùmque ora tueri
Principis & facro dabitur Tibi lumine vultûs
 Posse frui tandem meliores fistula cantus
 Exeret, & calamos inflabunt vota, PALÆMON,
 Tunc magè certa tuos ; seu se fe accingere Marti
 Ille paret, læsosque Patris cum sanguine manes
 Lustrare, ac, *Umbris* offerre piacula *Tantis* :
 Seu Pedibus prostrata ferox *Audacia*, *Sacram*
 Porrigat, Illiúsque legat *Clementia*, *Olivam*.

Ad



Ad ANGLOS jam novennali Bello
Civili inter se dissidentes.

ΤΑΡΑΙΝΕΣΙΣ.

Tertia ter jam dissidiis Civilibus æstas
Exarfit, nec Hydrops fpoliis discordia vestris
Infanam propè rupta fitim satiare valebit,
O Britones! certè vos infelia Trojæ
Fata manent, decimum si tandem infanus in annum
Vos furor hic rapiat, nec sævo parcere ferro
Pacis amor, Divumque metus, Rectique cupido
Edoceant, propriæ metam & posuisse ruinæ.
Una medela tuis supereft tantum, ANGLIA, damnis :
Da Regi Sua Fura Pio, da Justa PARENTI.

FINIS.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Issue *For the Fourth Year 1870-1.*

8. A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part II.*

For the Fifth Year 1871-2.

11. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Sixth Year 1872-3.

13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

For the Seventh Year 1873-4.

15. Flovvers of Epigrammes, ovt of sundrie authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.
16. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*

For the Eighth Year 1874-5.

17. Belvedére; or, The Garden of the Muses. By John Bodenham. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1600.
18. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*

For the Ninth Year 1875-6.

19. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Third Collection.*
20. The Worthines of Wales. By Thomas Churchyard. Reprinted from the original edition of 1587.

For the Tenth Year 1876-7.

21. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fourth Collection.*
22. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Issue

For the Eleventh Year 1877-8.

23. *Thule, or Vertues Historie.* By Francis Rous. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1598.
24. *Miscellaneous Works of George Wither.* Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Sixth Collection.*
25. *Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630.* Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Fifth Collection.*

For the Twelfth Year 1878-9.

26. *Halelviah or Britans Second Remembrancer* (1641.) By George Wither.
Part I.
27. *Halelviah or Britans Second Remembrancer.* *Parts II. and III.*

For the Thirteenth Year 1879-80.

28. *Britain's Remembrancer.* By George Wither. *Part I.*
29. *Britain's Remembrancer.* *Part II.*

For the Fourteenth Year 1880-1.

30. *The Hymnes and Songs of the Church.* By George Wither.
31. *The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse.* By George Wither. *Part I.*

For the Fifteenth Year 1881-2.

32. *The Psalms of David translated into Lyrick-verse.* By George Wither. *Part II.*
33. *Paralellogrammaton.* By George Wither.
34. *Exercises vpon the First Psalme.* By George Wither.

For the Sixteenth Year, 1882-3.

35. *A Fig for Fortune.* By Anthonie Copley.
36. *Respublica Anglicana or the Historie of the Parliament.* By George Wither.
37. *A Preparation to the Psalter.* By George Wither.

For the Seventeenth Year, 1883-4.

38. *The Mirour of Good Maners.* By Alexander Barclay.
39. *Certayne Egloges.* By Alexander Barclay.
40. *The Great Assises Holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessovrs.*
41. *Vaticinium Votivum ; or, Palæmon's Prophetick Prayer.*

